

# The Nation.

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## The Week.

THE week just passed has probably been the last week of the Fortieth Congress—at least it is far from certain that there will be any session in September. By dint of hard work at the end of the session both Houses pretty thoroughly finished what work was before them, and have left over only a dozen or so unimportant bills and some nominations unacted upon. Of unfinished bills Mr. Boutwell's, for the more efficient government of Mississippi, Texas, and Virginia, was of most consequence; of the offices remaining unfilled, the two most important are that of Commissioner of Internal Revenue and that of Naval Officer of this port. General Rosecrans was easily confirmed as Minister to Mexico, which will partly compensate him for his failure to get the Spanish mission—a post that Mr. Hale has contrived to keep. He is one of the fathers of the Republican party, and personally popular; so, despite the offence he gave at the time of the McCracken affair, the Senate would not disturb him. On Wednesday week, in the House, Mr. Stevens denied that he had ever been in favor of paying gold for the five-twenty bonds. Mr. Garfield, on the following day, brought him to book, and proved by the official report of the debates that he had often committed himself to that side of the question. On the same morning there was an excited debate in reference to the condition of the South, some of the new Southern members being very violent. The Senate passed the bill subsidizing a line of American steamers between New York and Europe. The vessels—there must be seven of them within a year—must make as good average time as any ocean steamships plying between American and European ports, and the postal charges must not exceed \$600,000 per annum. The Senate on Friday adopted a joint resolution, introduced by Mr. Wilson, ordering the removal of all office-holders in Texas and Virginia who are unable to take the test-oath. The House did not act on it. On Saturday the chief business done by the Senate was the passage of the Freedmen's Bureau Bill over the veto, by a vote of 29 to 5, and the passage of the amended bill relative to the rights of American citizens abroad. As passed, it is a bill in which Mr. Conness said his heart was no longer interested. As it now stands, it is little more than a Congressional declaration as to the status which, according to international law, naturalized Americans have, or should have. It is somewhat more than merely that, perhaps; possibly it may encourage some future President to take more energetic action, in conjunctures such as the bill relates to, than he would take if left to bear all the responsibility alone. Other practical effect it cannot have, so far as we can see—except on the November elections, and possibly in dampening England's avowed willingness to give what we ask. Senator Henderson made a long and bitter reply to the insinuations made by General Butler in the singular report about the impeachment

bribery and corruption. The House also passed on Saturday the Freedmen's Bureau Bill over the veto—yeas 115, nays 23. On Monday the Senate had no time to take up Mr. Boutwell's bill, before mentioned, but went into executive session, at the close of which it adjourned till the third Monday in September. The House passed the Funding Bill in spite of the resistance of the Democrats, but did not send it to Mr. Johnson in time, he said, for his signature. As amended in conference, the bill transforms the five-twenties into consols of two classes—one payable as soon after thirty years as the United States may please, and bearing four and a half per cent. interest; the other payable after forty years, and bearing four per cent. interest. Principal and interest are expressly declared to be payable in gold.

The first Legal Tender Act was brought into the House in January, 1862. Mr. Thaddeus Stevens took no part in debating it till the last day of the first debate, February 6, at which time he made a speech, a good part of which was in favor of that provision of the bill which made the notes a legal tender in the payment of private debts. The notes would soon be used, he said, in the purchase of the bonds which were to be simultaneously issued, and the bonds would be a good investment. "A dollar in a miser's safe," he said, "unproductive, is a sore disturbance. Where could he invest it? In United States loans at six per cent., redeemable in gold in twenty years, the best and most permanent investment that could be desired." A little further on he said: "But widows and orphans are in tears lest their estates should be badly invested. I pity no one who has his money invested in United States bonds, payable in gold in twenty years, with interest semi-annually." It is not surprising that the farmers and farmers' widows in Mr. Stevens's district began to change their savings into bonds. Again he said: "Let me restate the various projects. Ours proposes United States notes secured at the end of twenty years, to be paid in coin." When the bill came back from the Senate, no one gave any intimation, directly or indirectly, that the bonds could be paid otherwise than in coin. Mr. Spaulding, of New York, said: "They intend to foot all the bills, and ultimately pay the whole, principal and interest, in gold and silver." Mr. Pomeroy said:

"The credit of the Government is alike bound for the payment of both these classes of indebtedness ultimately in gold; each derives its entire value from that."

The letter of the law, interpreted by the concurrent language of the law-makers, hardly gives Mr. Stevens so much shelter as people would suppose, to hear his denunciations of the "bloated speculators" and the "swindle on the taxpayers." The facts above set forth in regard to Mr. Stevens and other prominent Republicans were collected from the *Globe* by General Garfield by way of meeting Mr. Stevens's assertion that he had never been in favor of any but a paper payment. Mr. Stevens offered no other reply, when the exposure was complete, than a promise to defend himself at some future time, and this remark: "Why it is he has renewed the attack on me, God only knows."

Mr. Stevens's memory fails him. It was not till nearly a year after the debate on the five-twenties that he spoke his first word of repudiation. When the ten-forties were authorized, Mr. Stevens, while Mr. Horton of Ohio was speaking, made this remark:

"It would be fair, I suppose, to state that my amendment proposes to pay for these bonds at the end of ten years in coin, but to pay the interest in currency, while the bill of the Committee of Ways and Means proposes to redeem the bonds in currency."

Mr. Horton replied with a refusal to state what Mr. Stevens wished to have stated, because, he said, "it is not correct. The bill of the Committee of Ways and Means does not contemplate paying in paper." Whereupon Mr. Stevens, questioning a second time, said, "Are not the bonds payable in lawful money—whatever that is?" "No, sir," was Mr. Horton's answer; and, on motion of Mr. Thomas of Massachusetts, and out of abundant caution, as Mr. Garfield says, the words "in coin" were inserted in the bill, and the doubt raised by Mr. Stevens was supposed to be very effectually laid. In this case again, as in the previous one, neither more nor less certainly, the United States clearly bound itself to adopt the anti-Butler, anti-Stevens, anti-Morton, unpendletonian way of meeting its obligations to its creditors.

Mr. Butler's Select Committee's report has been made the occasion of some forcible remarks by Mr. Henderson, who does not seem to understand that the people are few, and every day getting fewer, who attach any great weight to anything said by Mr. Butler when acting in his capacity of partisan—legal or political. The senator was too bitter; he did not hesitate to charge Mr. Butler with being not only a "bold, wilful, and intentional falsifier," but a thief as well. Very much has been said on this latter topic, and a good deal of it very roundly; but we know of nothing before the public which justifies such a belief in the accusation as warrants a point-blank assertion of its truth. People loudest in their denunciations of General Butler, people from New Orleans who had had good opportunities for seeing him in his highest activity, we have always found unable to put their finger on any one indubitable instance of General Butler's having appropriated other people's property to his own use. As to the other charge made by the senator, those who read the speech, with its extracts from the report, can form their own conclusions. Here is a sample of what may be got from it, and the whole animal, we feel free to say, might be constructed from this particular bone; it is all in symmetrical harmony with the bit we append. On the eighteenth page of the report is a telegram: "Washington, May 15, 1868. John R. Garland, New York: Senator Henderson says conviction will fail by two votes.—Lockwood." Upon this Mr. Butler makes the comment, "So the gold-room had the benefit of Senator Henderson's knowledge." Now "Lockwood" is Mr. Crounse, of the *Times*. He was in communication with several members of the Missouri delegation, who just then were "laboring" with their senator, and from them he got the information which he telegraphed to Mr. Garland; telegraphing so briefly and positively as he did because his information came so directly. General Butler had not the slightest reason for believing that Mr. Crounse and Mr. Henderson had combined to let "the gold-room have the benefit of Senator Henderson's knowledge." Yet he insinuates that. After all, it is no wonder that Mr. Henderson is wrathful; but he can comfort himself by observing how flat the whole affair falls; the newspapers seem to be getting very sick of the General.

It would be a mistake, however, for any one who enjoys Mr. Butler's malicious humor and his unblenching, thoroughly cynical impudence, to leave unread his reply to Mr. Henderson's rather Hungarian defense of himself. It was in Sunday evening session that the speech was made, and to see how this circumstance of the time lacerates the General's bosom is affecting. He is far more "exercised"—as they say in his own Gloucester—by the misguided Henderson's desecration of the Sabbath than by the reviling and persecution which he himself has been called to undergo. "On the evening of the Lord's day," he says, with horror; . . . "if that assembly to which I allude"—"a certain debating assembly," he calls the Senate—"deem the holy Sabbath well spent in listening to such an harangue; . . . as a part of his Sabbath-day speech"—these are some of the passages which show how the sin of the Senate's violation of the Fourth Commandment weighs on his mind. It was with sorrow that Mr. Butler submitted "the report of your committee," which "was assented to by all the members of the committee in the city"—(Senator Henderson had said that the other members of the committee were gentlemen, and

that none of them would have anything to do with the report, and the above form of words is Mr. Butler's way of meeting the charge.) He submitted it with sorrow, "grieving continually that without the explanations of the senator from Missouri, of which he of his own will had deprived the committee, the evidence seemed to bear so hardly and conclusively upon him," especially when he was compared with "admittedly innocent and honorable senators." This last stroke—when it is remembered that in the report itself General Butler makes confession of utter failure to find a particle of proof that every senator was not innocent and honorable—requires in the man who gives it some considerable power of face. He then goes on to make several innuendoes and assertions concerning Mr. Henderson's conduct, to which people will attend when some one else's word is brought in support of Mr. Butler's. The House did well when it declined to let this precious document be read, and remitted its author to the printer. Let us hope the Eighth Massachusetts District is satisfied with the piety of its representative, to say nothing of his candid honesty.

The Boston *Commonwealth* has done what we were afraid it would. It had only to give plain answers to four questions, but it declines that, and becomes abusive. We hurl back with more than the usual scorn and contempt the imputation that we are cynical. So, also, as regards all the other charges; we defy the *Commonwealth* to make good its comparison between us and the South before the war, or us and Pontius Pilate, or to prove that we are Jesuitical unbelievers, or that we write jargon and twaddle, or that we are flippant and hate the verities. We merely do not like a man to be so fond of the verities and "the primal" and "the elemental" and the eternal aspiration and the instincts, that when he is asked why Mr. Fessenden should not be invited to a public dinner of honor, he can find nothing better to do than to beg a certain disputed question and bawl about Mr. Fessenden's "guilt," and declare him "denounced by the masses." Mr. Fessenden, most people think—though we admit they were less numerous awhile ago—is "guilty" of nothing but of doing his duty. Even if what he had done was wrong, where will the *Commonwealth* find one tittle of proof that Mr. Fessenden did not think he was doing right and did not try to do right? Who has found evidence on which to impugn the motives that actuated him when he came to the conclusion that the Senate, when sworn to try an impeachment and do impartial justice in the trial, was a court? Nobody has offered any such evidence. The men who invited Mr. Fessenden to a public dinner did so, then, because they saw in him an honest man assailed by a storm of persecution for having done what he thought his duty. But the *Commonwealth* thinks he was not persecuted. We doubt if the *Commonwealth* knows how abusive newspapers can be. Sometimes they are shockingly foul-mouthed and cowardly. And apparently it does not know how unhappy it can make an honorably ambitious man to find that a hard-earned character for honor and integrity, supported for years and never blemished, cannot save him—if a certain number of editors of a certain size think him a "traitor"—from being cried through the length and breadth of the land as a liar, a rival meanly jealous of his fellow-senators, and a receiver of bribes.

On the only question as to which the *Commonwealth*, in its last article, talks in such a way as to merit in any degree the attention of argument, we have already argued so often that it is hardly worth while to go over the ground again. We have given our reasons for thinking the Senate sitting for the trial of impeachment a court. We were of that opinion before Senator Drake, who is a good lawyer, was defeated in his anxious endeavor to get senators to pronounce the assemblage not a court, but a body sitting to legislate the President out of office, and we have been of that opinion ever since. That the Senate trying impeachment—impeachment is a word with a well-defined legal meaning—wants some of the mere accidents of an ordinary court is, of course, true. It is equally true that there are various other processes besides impeachment, some of which the *Commonwealth* enumerates,



which have never been called judicial, and yet which, likewise wanting the mere accidents of regular judicial processes, have, as we hold, all the essentials of such processes, have, at any rate, this quality—that he who, being engaged in them, under oath to do impartial justice, on the evidence of course, does not do that, fails in his duty. It will not be long before the better part of the *Commonwealth's* followers will be taking the view of Mr. Fessenden's course which, if we are not utterly mistaken, is now taken by the larger part of the Republican party.

The moral turpitude of the candidates increases, if anything, and several new shameful passages in their lives are discovered since we last wrote. Can Jesse R. Grant, for example, tell us if his son, when in command in the Southwest, did not quarrel with some respectable Hebrew gentlemen doing a little business in cotton under the firm name of Messrs. Mack? And did he not afterwards, and on account of this brawl, promulgate his tyrannical order expelling all Jews from his department? Will Jesse Grant deny that the quarrel grew out of the sale of his son's influence as department commander to this Hebrew firm? Then Mr. Seymour has for years been going under an alias, we are informed, his true name being Horatio Nelson Seymour, and he having, for some undivulged reasons, probably of a base kind, dropped the middle name. As for the name of his associate on the ticket, it may be Frank P. Blair or Francis P. Blair, or Frank P. Blair, junior, or General Frank P. Blair; the men who nominated him call him one thing, the army-rolls call him another, and he signs himself variously. This is a matter of importance. For, as one of our journals asks, if the Democratic ticket is elected, who must swear in, Francis P. Blair, junior, Francis P. Blair, senior, or Frank P. Blair, or Frank Blair? The solicitude of the *World* about the precise name which Grant signed to Buckner's and Pemberton's and Lee's capitulation-papers seems to have caused all this enquiry into the aliases of the aspirants. Seymour, we learn, was very near filling a bloody and dishonored grave in 1863. A party of gentlemen were lunching a few days ago at one of our handsomest down-town restaurants, when one of them was asked if he, being a good Democrat, did not, of course, intend voting for Seymour. A frown passed over his brow as he said, Never. He proceeded to relate that, Democrat as he was, he aided to defend the *Tribune* building in the riots of 1863. Rifle in hand, he could see Horatio Seymour as he addressed the infuriated crowd, and, drawing a bead on him, he covered his heart, and mentally resolved that if that mob should leave Seymour's feet to surge towards Mr. Greeley's building, Seymour should fall on the instant with a bullet through his breast; "and my bullet never fails," he added. A shadow passed over the company at this reminiscence, which has now gone into most of the country papers.

The Boston *Pionier* quotes our remarks on the relation of the eight-hour law, as recently passed by Congress, to the public respect for the Presidency and the probable duration of that branch of our Government under a growing contempt for it, and evidently thinks we are very near joining it in demanding the abolition of the Executive. This we might do if we thought the tendency was to increase instead of to diminish the President's prerogatives, and if we were unable to conceive of his usefulness when stripped of a good deal of what now makes him formidable. We shall, however, first labor to make his office one of dignity rather than power; and we think it will almost immediately become so when he is deprived of his patronage, and ceases to be the terror of small postmasters and custom-house clerks. We shall not then, if we have impeachment at all, have it promoted chiefly in the interest of office-seeking flatterers of the Vice-President; nor see a party nomination for Vice-President hinge on the prospect of the candidate's meanwhile becoming President, with spoils at his disposal and friends to be rewarded. We would almost say that the mischief which Mr. Johnson, if successful, could bring upon the country would be less than that which might have been caused in the eight months of Mr. Wade's incumbency, by a general subversion and expulsion of office-holders, such as we know to have been planned with all minuteness. In the one case, we should have had an isolated, acute attack of a malady which we could both hope to cure and to avoid incurring in future. In the other, we should have aggravated a disease to which every party is liable, but which the country cannot

afford to have aggravated in the party of progress and good government, and trust to its recovery.

There has been very little European news by the cable this week. Probably when we get the full reports of the debates in which M. Rouher denied that the Jecker bonds were at the bottom of the invasion of Mexico, and replied to M. Pelletan that the Government had no intention of altering the election laws, we shall have interesting reading. The English House of Commons passed on Thursday the bill providing for the purchase of all the telegraph lines by the Government, and the next night the Corrupt Practices (or Bribery) Bill, which had been upwards of a fortnight under debate. The bill provides for a hearing and decision in the case of contested elections, where corruption is charged by one candidate upon another. Local courts are to be held immediately after the presentation of a petition, whether Parliament is in session or not, by one of three judges of the superior courts in rotation. One important clause directs the entering of the Judge's finding on the journals of the House; and another that a Judge's finding that corrupt practices have extensively prevailed in any place shall initiate a commission of enquiry, on the joint address of both Houses, the locality to pay the expenses of the enquiry. The bill is a Government measure, conducted of course by Mr. Disraeli, and half opposed by the Liberals, with Mr. Gladstone at their head.

Some one, according to a correspondent of *Le Nord*, having recently remarked to the Emperor at Fontainebleau that the assassination of Prince Michael of Servia might breed another Orsini attempt, Napoleon "held the contrary opinion," based, as it further appeared, on the observation that political assassins almost invariably effect just the opposite of what they intended. This reasoning would be sounder if the assassins themselves were in the habit of paying much attention to the failure of their predecessors. But they are not, partly because they are apt to be ignorant men, or men made desperate and almost lunatics by injuries which themselves or their country have received or seem to have received. Indeed, many of the late attempts on the lives of monarchs have been made by real lunatics. Speaking from a real or pretended regard for France, the Emperor professed the utmost tranquillity in the face of an improbable event. He is sure that his son or "some little nephew, some Milano or other," would avenge his death and maintain the Empire, and that his life or death would be equally useful to the country. These remarks are scarcely ominous, though increasing age and infirmity, joined to administrative failures and mortifications, seem to have changed the temper of Napoleon and rendered him timid and more yielding than he used to be. The subject, however, is one which, the more he talks about it, will the more excite suspicion that he has premonitions of peril to his dynasty.

One of the minor burdens of the Second Empire has just been brought to light in the Corps Législatif. The Legion of Honor, which, as founded by the First Napoleon, supplied nothing more than a decorative distinction, was reorganized by the present Emperor in 1852, and endowed with annual allowances, ranging from 250 to 3,000 francs, besides pensions. The cost of the order would be easily calculable if any limitation were set upon new decorations. This was attempted under the Restoration, except for the class of chevaliers; but such has been the Imperial liberality that the *cadre* then determined on has nearly doubled, so that it now contains 34,000 Legionaries, or, adding the civilians, 63,000, with 3,700 officers and 900 commanders. The medallists, also, who belong to the army solely, are estimated at 40,000; and these, if private soldiers or non-commissioned officers, are entitled to a pension. The army, as might have been expected, and not the civil list, has swollen the expenditures of the past ten years, and raised the total from 4,197,900 francs in 1858 to 18,425,000 francs in 1868. M. de la Tour, who has taken pains to collect these statistics, protests against the vulgarizing of his order, and proposes that an obsolete regulation of 1852 should be revived, prohibiting future decorations in any instance except when there are two vacancies by death or degradation. To this the caustic M. Glais-Bizoin has offered as an amendment, that the Cross of the Legion of Honor be given to whoever is willing to pay for it.

## WHERE SHALL HONEST MEN GO?

WE have no disposition to underrate or excuse the faults of the Republican party or of its leaders; indeed, some of our readers think we err in the opposite direction. Certainly no one can accuse us of blind partisan zeal. We can fully appreciate the doubts and difficulties which trouble many of the best men who ordinarily vote the Republican ticket, and sometimes cause them to hesitate in regard to their political course. And before answering their objections, it is only fair to mention some of the principal ones.

It is alleged that the Republican party, as an organization, has become as corrupt as the Democratic; that its managers are lobbyists and its chosen legislators venal; that Republican revenue officers defraud the Treasury of millions and a Republican Senate keeps them in office, while a Republican House of Representatives kills every proposition for reform in the civil service and Republican newspapers strive to abolish the only court which is a terror to the whiskey ring. It is further alleged that even the honest portion of the party is so ignorant of political economy, and so blind to the corrupting influence of government expenditure, that any scheme which pretends to foster the interests of the country finds favor with it, while it is always ready to applaud such follies as the Gold Bill of 1864 in the hope of violently checking the operation of the laws of trade.

And, in substance, the Republican party must plead guilty to these charges. It has an army of corruptionists in its midst, and it has inherited from the old Whig party a disposition to tinker at the business of the country and to spend the public funds liberally, which makes it easy to be deceived by men whose schemes contemplate a return of one dollar to the nation and a hundred dollars for themselves.

Having admitted this much, let us consider what is the prospect for reform offered by the character of the Democratic party, and what an honest citizen may reasonably hope to accomplish for the public good through that means. Ignoring for the present the overshadowing question of reconstruction, we ask any one to tell us what measure of political reform can be hoped from the restoration of the Democrats to power.

The Republican party, for a temporary purpose, debased the currency and unsettled the business of the country. The Democratic party is enthusiastic in favor of perpetuating this debasement, and thus annihilating all legitimate business.

The Republican party of New York and Pennsylvania evaded the just obligations of those States to foreign creditors by paying their interest in a depreciated currency. The Democratic party proposes to repeat the operation on a scale a thousand times larger, and with a currency that will thus be made absolutely worthless.

Republican officials in this State plunder it through the Canal Department and otherwise, it is estimated, of possibly a million dollars a year. We never heard of a higher estimate. The Democratic officials who control New York City extract at least three times that amount annually from the funds of that city alone—probably very much more.

There are many dishonest Republican officials, but there are also many honest ones. An honest Democratic official (we speak now of executive officers in minor departments) is a thing scarcely known within our sphere of observation.

The Democratic party is steadily growing worse. For years past its increase has been derived mainly from the lowest class of the immigrant population; and this class, profoundly ignorant, selfish, blind to considerations of public good, and destitute of that foresight which enables men to see their own ultimate advantage in the observance of moral law, are constantly gaining more control of the party. No amount of corruption in their leaders shakes their confidence in them. No argument ever reaches them.

There was a time when there were Democratic Congressmen of inflexible integrity, who were the unsparing foes of every device for public plunder. There are absolutely none such now. There is scarcely a single Democrat in either branch of Congress who even votes against such schemes, and there is not one who is known as their active and zealous opponent. So at Albany and Trenton it is found

that bad as Republican legislatures are, they are made respectable by their Democratic successors.

A critical examination of the *personnel* of the party will have a still more discouraging effect upon those who think of accomplishing any reform by its means. Let any one count up all the Democrats in his own neighborhood, and unless his experience is widely dissimilar from ours, he will find that those who are externally the most respectable are precisely the ones from whom the least co-operation in reform may be expected.

The Democratic party of former days had some definite principles, and afforded a legitimate channel for the activity of all men who believed in those principles. But it has now abandoned all its old doctrines, and takes no interest in any questions other than the reduction of the negro to political servitude, and the repudiation of the public debt. Its members are more ignorant of, and more indifferent to, the teachings of political economy than the most narrow-minded Republican can be. Their whole attention is devoted to the perpetration of a huge national swindle. Robbery, and that (as we said in our first comments on their platform) a robbery out of which few of them can make five dollars each, is the absorbing vision of their dreams, the goal of their ambition. You might as well talk political economy or social reform to a party of cracksmen on their way to a burglary as to the Democratic party of to-day.

The descent of the Democratic organ in this city offers a striking illustration of the irresistible tendency of the party. The *World*, in 1852, was in many respects the best newspaper in New York. It had some of the best writing that has been seen in our political press. It has still upon its staff some of the best writers in their line, but the paper has been dragged through the mire until there is nothing too mean and vulgar for it, and it has on the same day published—in fact, we may say it now habitually publishes—a column of able and dignified argument, with another column of mingled scurrility and obscenity. Why is this, but because the readers whom it must now please will have it so?

We do not pretend that it is easy to reform and purify the Republican party. It takes hard work to keep any organization decent. Ask a candid minister whether it is *easy* to keep up the moral tone of his church. Ask a teacher whether it is *easy* to excite his school to diligence in study. No good work can be effected, even under the most favorable circumstances, without zeal and industry. But we do affirm, and we think what we say will be assented to by every man of practical experience in the details of politics, that hard work for reform within the lines of the Republican party always produces encouraging results, and rarely fails of entire success. Nothing but fraud and violence ever defeat it; and these would not, if they did not prematurely discourage those who engage in the good work.

The development of correct ideas on finance, revenue, and general political economy among Republicans, is, we admit, a more tedious process. They are much more ready to respond to moral considerations than to intellectual or prudential arguments. But they are not so obtuse as they are often supposed to be. Very little has been done in this direction; but the fruit of what has been done has been much greater among Republicans than among Democrats. No reasonable man can feel greatly discouraged in view of the facts.

In conclusion, we exhort every one who desires the growth of a sound public sentiment in respect to the management of public affairs to do as we intend to do—work with and in the Republican party, submitting to its mistakes of judgment, voting against its candidates when they are personally unworthy of confidence and voting for them when worthy, denouncing corruption in our own party more unsparingly than anywhere else, exposing its mistakes and regretting them more deeply than the mistakes of an adverse party, and in every way striving to make it a wise and a pure organization.

Drawbacks and discouragements we expect; entire success we do not expect; but we feel entirely certain that no other path lies open to any man who loves liberty, who hates corruption, and who seeks to establish the honor of his country by means which shall leave his own honor unsullied.



## A WORD FOR THE SPECULATOR.

THERE is no class of the community that is so generally abused by everybody, and at all times, as the speculators. During the war nine-tenths of the evils from which the country suffered were laid to their charge. Furious were the onslaughts of the whole press upon the fore-stallers, middlemen, produce speculators, rebel and British gold-gamblers and Hebrew money-changers; and various attempts were made by Congress to legislate the whole tribe out of existence. But the efforts of the legislature proved abortive, the fulminations of the press remained mere *bruta fulmina*, and the speculators have continued to flourish, and are likely to flourish still, in spite of the recent renewal of the warfare on the part of the press and of the fresh thunders hurled at the "bloated speculators" from within the walls of Congress. In fact, to exterminate speculators would be to exterminate a great many more people than is generally believed. For a speculator is nothing more nor less than a person who seeks to discover in advance of the rest of the community the probable course of any given market, and who, acting upon his judgment in regard thereto, buys the article likely to advance or sells the article likely to decline. In this sense every merchant or manufacturer, every shopkeeper or mechanic, is more or less a speculator. They will all buy a little more than their momentary needs when an article is unusually cheap, and will sell everything they possibly can and contract to deliver more if an article is high and they think it likely to decline. Why should the same action be right when done occasionally by the mechanic and the merchant, and wrong when done habitually and as a business by the speculator?

It is very true that speculators frequently buy that which they have no intention of ever receiving; but they do so only because they expect that, before receiving the article bought, they will be able to sell it at a profit. It is also true that speculators frequently sell that which they have not got; but they do so only because they expect that, before delivering the article sold, they will be able to buy it for less than what they sold it for. And wherein do they differ in this respect from the cotton factor, who buys a planter's cotton crop at twenty cents a pound before the boll has formed upon the plant; or the manufacturer, who contracts to furnish a hundred cases of broadcloth at three dollars a yard before the roof is up on his factory building? Throughout all the large transactions of commerce similar engagements are of daily occurrence, and, indeed, of absolute necessity. No railroad builder can contract to build twenty miles of road without speculating on the price of labor and of stone and ties and iron, or whatever else he may agree to furnish. The Government advertises for army uniforms: the contractor cannot make a bid without contracting in advance for the cloth, the cloth manufacturer must contract in advance for the wool, and the wool merchant contracts with the farmer for the wool before it is fairly grown. Thus all four speculate by contracting in advance, and if they do not contract in advance they speculate still more.

It is very true that professional speculators sometimes combine to force up the price of an article, and thereby injure the consumers of that article; but they evidently benefit to the same extent the producers and holders of it. Or they combine to depress the price of an article, and thereby injure the producers and holders of that article; but they evidently benefit to the same extent the buyers and consumers of it. And if speculators do sometimes unfairly and dishonorably combine to depress or enhance prices, thereby, while benefiting some, injuring many others, we should not on that account condemn all speculators, any more than we should condemn all mechanics because the tailors or bricklayers or gas-makers sometimes forcibly seek to advance their wages, and strike work to the great injury and inconvenience of many individuals and of whole communities.

It is very true that when people go outside of their regular business to speculate in articles of merchandise or gold or stocks, about all of which they probably know little or nothing, they are very apt—nay, almost certain—to lose money. If lawyers will speculate in cotton, and doctors "dabble" in gold, it is very likely that they will come to grief, and when they have lost their money in speculating, which in their case is nothing else but so much gambling, they are certain to declaim violently against the professional speculators, by whom they

think themselves injured or actually robbed. But nothing could be more unjust than such an accusation, just as nothing can be more absurd than the ignorant tirades against speculation and speculators in general that leading journals feel occasionally compelled to indulge in. The speculator is just as important and necessary a part of the business community as the merchant or manufacturer, and so far from being the cause of fluctuations in price, the speculator is really the great preventer of fluctuations, is above all classes of the community the very class whose efforts—unconsciously enough on his own part—constantly tend to keep prices steady.

Paradoxical as the latter assertion may appear to most people who have not given the question much thought, it is nevertheless the simple fact, and a rudimentary truth of political economy. Although everybody is accustomed to talk glibly of the bulls and bears, meaning those who speculate for a rise and those who speculate for a fall, yet whenever speculation itself is spoken of, and especially when it is complained of, one of the two classes of speculators is always singled out for reprobation, and the existence of the other class is always conveniently ignored. In the eyes of an unconditional admirer of our present financial management, to be a bull in Government securities—that is, to buy Government securities in expectation of their advance in price—is a meritorious deed, well becoming a loyal citizen; but to be a bull in gold—that is, to buy gold in expectation of an advance in the premium—is the height of disloyalty, and qualifies a man to be classed among gold gamblers and rebels. In the eyes, however, of the retired capitalist, who has his July dividends to invest, these self-same bulls in Government securities, who buy bonds in June when they are cheap and when the capitalist has no money, and who expect to sell them in July at an advance, are mere robbers, middlemen, and fore-stallers; while as for the bear in gold, the good citizen who wants to see the premium go down, and the credit of the nation rise, and himself make a little money by it, hear him abused by the California and Nevada miners, who send their gold here for sale, and who swear that the bears in gold are leagued to cheat them out of their rightful dues. The farmer is an inveterate bull speculator in produce of every kind; the men who speculate for higher prices at the Produce Exchange are his friends, they put money in his plethoric purse; the bears are his enemies, they seek to depreciate his property, they combine with the banks to make money tight, and to compel the farmer to sell at the lowest price; they ought to be stopped by some legislative action. The city editor, however, not always over well paid, and with a large family of hungry children to feed, may well look aghast when his own columns announce a further advance of fifty cents in the price of flour by the barrel; he is naturally a bear in flour; he, if any one, can be excused for railing at the bulls in the Produce Market, and for calling the most generous of men heartless extortioners, and for not knowing or forgetting that just as many men, women, and children desire to see flour advance in price as there are men, women, and children who desire to see it go down, and that there are in all trades just as many bulls as bears, as many bears as bulls.

Now, if there are generally as many bulls as bears among the speculators, as in the nature of things there evidently must be, it is equally evident that the speculators cannot advance or depress the price of any article unless the convincing evidence of events induces some of them to change sides—that is, some bulls to become bears or some bears to become bulls. A speculator can only make money by correctly foreseeing the future course of the market. If events do not indicate a change, the speculators, pretty equally divided, cannot make one. It is only when an early change becomes obvious to the keen-eyed that the balance of speculation gradually inclines to one side or the other, increasing the number of buyers for a rise or of sellers for a fall, and thus gradually advances or depresses the price of the article dealt in. If the speculator did not foresee the change and by his purchases gradually advance the price, and have his stock on hand to supply the demand when the great mass of consumers come into the market, the fluctuations in the price would be far more sudden and more extensive.

In the winter of 1867 the belief was general both in Europe and here that our cotton crop was large. The receipts from India and other producing countries were heavy. The demand for manufactur-

ing was light all the world over. Prices declined to fifteen or sixteen cents a pound in December. Planters and factors of cotton were poor; they shipped their product to England as rapidly as possible, and sold it at a very low figure. The lower the price went, the more cotton declined likewise, and the less the manufacturers wanted to buy. At this juncture keen speculators, seeing that the extent of the crop was exaggerated and that the demand was underestimated, began in increasing numbers to believe in higher prices—to turn bulls in cotton—and they bought large amounts on speculation and held it until the price advanced largely, and then sold it out, making a very handsome profit. No one buys cotton except manufacturers and speculators. What would have been the result if the speculators had not bought American cotton in December and January? Why, the price would have declined still further, more cotton would have been shipped to England, and when our manufacturers came into the market in February and March they would have found an insufficient supply, there would have been a perfect scramble for what was left, we should probably have had to import cotton from Europe at a great loss to all concerned, and prices would have fluctuated double and treble what they have done. Instead of which, the speculators *did* buy, their purchases advanced the price gradually, manufacturers began to work more carefully—began to purchase slightly—the planters ceased to press their stocks upon the market, the price here became almost equal to that of Liverpool, it no longer paid a profit to export cotton, the balance of the stock remained in the country in the hands of speculators, and when the manufacturers had to make further purchases they found a supply of cotton which they would not have found but for the action of the much-abused and heartily-hated speculators. Even now it is seen that the speculators in cotton did not speculate quite enough, did not put up the prices quite enough, did not sufficiently prevent the export, for the stock in the country to-day is so light that nothing but the almost unprecedented forwardness of the growing crop prevents American cotton to-day from being brought back from Liverpool to keep the New England cotton-mills from stopping work.

The course of speculation in the grain and flour market has been almost identical with that of the cotton market. The stocks of wheat and flour in the country to-day are so small that it is absolutely certain that if the much-decried bull speculation of last winter had not put up the price, caused increased economy in consumption, and stopped the export, *we should to-day be importing flour from Europe*, and be suffering from the evils of a scarcity bordering upon famine.

In May, 1866, when the speculators in gold foresaw the outbreak of hostilities between Prussia and Austria, they immediately commenced buying large amounts of gold, knowing full well that war in Europe must inevitably result in a drain of specie from here, and a consequent advance in price. The purchases made by the speculators in this anticipation naturally caused an advance in the premium. The Secretary of the Treasury, with a perverseness almost incredible, refused to see in the advancing premium anything but a combination of the gold gamblers to ruin the credit of the country. He thought it his duty to counteract their efforts, and by enormous sales of Treasury gold kept the price so low that foreigners delightedly took all they could get, and in less than six weeks carried thirty millions of it out of the country. In order to put a stop to speculation, Mr. McCulloch sold this gold to foreign bankers at 130. He could not sell them all they wanted, and was obliged to stop selling altogether. But the foreigners wanted the gold, and had to buy it in the market, and our people, alarmed at the enormous export, wanted it likewise. The price rapidly advanced to 160, at which figure Europe not only stopped buying any more of us, but also very soon began to send back what it had bought, and to sell it to us at an enormous profit. The Secretary's foolish attempt to stop speculation—that is, to prevent sensible men from acting upon their foresight and judgment—involved the country in a loss of twenty or thirty millions of dollars. If he had left the market to the speculators, their purchases would have advanced the price gradually and steadily, until it would have been no longer profitable for foreigners to buy gold and carry it out of the country, and we should have been spared the loss and the folly of sending steamer-

loads of cheap coin out of the country in June, and bringing steamer-loads of dear coin back in September.

Middling cotton sold in this city last week at thirty-two cents a pound, and good brown sheetings at eighteen cents a yard. A speculative planter in Georgia sells to his factor in Savannah his growing crop of cotton at eighteen cents a pound, deliverable in November. The speculative Savannah factor sells the same cotton to a New York merchant at twenty-one cents a pound, deliverable in December. The speculative New York merchant sells the cotton to a Lowell manufacturer at twenty-four cents a pound, deliverable by the 1st of January, 1869. The speculative Lowell manufacturer, calculating to a nicety, can make brown sheetings at fourteen cents a yard when cotton costs twenty-four cents a pound, and he immediately sells the sheetings to the Warren Street dry-goods dealer at fourteen cents a yard, deliverable in February. Nothing can well be more frightfully speculative than this: selling brown sheetings that are yet to be manufactured out of cotton that is yet to be raised on a plantation in Georgia, that perhaps never had any existence! But mark the result! The dry-goods dealer knows that in February he will receive sheetings that cost only fourteen cents a yard. It will not do for him to have any stock on hand at that time that costs eighteen cents. He will set to work immediately to lower the price of his present stock. His neighbors do the same; by-and-by the retailer gets the advantage of the decline, and puts down his prices, and before we know it, three months before a bale of the new cotton crop has appeared in market, we may buy cotton goods in Broadway as cheap as they can be produced next March. This again we owe to speculation; and in precisely the same way the speculators in advance of liberal harvests cheapen the price of bread for us long before a single bushel of new wheat has been ground into flour.

We might fill column after column with examples of the manner in which speculation tends constantly to equalize prices. But those we have given will suffice. When we find in all countries of the world a number of men, against whose individual character no objection can be raised, engaged in an occupation which to us may seem useless, injurious, or immoral, it is always safer to mistrust our own judgment than to hastily indulge in abuse and indiscriminate condemnation. If the influence of speculation upon the welfare of a community is carefully examined, it will be found to be not only not injurious but overwhelmingly beneficial. It is time that the name of speculator should cease to convey a reproach.

#### THE POWER OF CONGRESS TO REGULATE RAILWAY COMMERCE.

THERE is a continuous line of railway communication between Boston and Omaha. The companies which control this line owe their existence to the separate legislation of Massachusetts, New York, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa. Passengers and goods may be carried from one of these points to the other without change of cars or transshipment, and are, of course, on their route, successively brought under different and perhaps conflicting codes of local laws. May Congress apply to this line and to all others similarly situated a uniform rule in respect to all matters connected with the business of transportation?

The answer which we must give to this enquiry, and the key to the whole discussion, depend upon the answer to another question: Is the transportation of passengers and goods upon railways to be called commerce, so that if the transportation be from one State to another there thence exists "commerce among the States"? If so, the power we are considering plainly exists, for the Constitution in express terms authorizes Congress to "regulate commerce among the several States."

The national Constitution is an enumeration of general legislative functions conferred upon the Government rather than a description and definition of the particular acts of law-making which Congress may perform. Political parties have to a great extent been divided upon the question, What specific powers are included within these generic statements of the organic law, and, therefore, what measures is Congress permitted from time to time to adopt? The discussion which began at the very outset has continued to the present day, and has been participated in by the legislators, the judiciary, and the



people. General principles of interpretation have been repeatedly assumed by Congress in making a law, confirmed and established by the Supreme Court in declaring the law valid, and approved by the people in the choice of their representatives. Yet it has constantly happened that when a new measure is proposed, although it is clearly within the general principles of constitutional interpretation settled by the highest authority, and is in all respects analogous to others with which the people have long been familiar, it is opposed, the power of Congress to pass it is denied, simply because it is new, because the object to which it is directed has never before been brought within the scope of Congressional legislation. The contest must, therefore, be again waged from the beginning; first principles must again be appealed to, as though the combined assent of legislators, judges, and people had determined nothing in respect to our organic law. This statement is most emphatically true in reference to the subject now under consideration. Congress has again and again enacted laws in every respect analogous to the proposed measure, laws depending upon the same generic grant of power, and interfering in an equal degree with the State legislation. These laws have often been subjected to the scrutiny of the Supreme Court, and as often been upheld. The long line of splendid judgments upon the power of Congress to regulate commerce, commencing with *Gibbons v. Ogden* in 1824, and ending during the current year, has completely settled every principle upon which the authority to control inter-state railways depends. Nothing is new except the particular object to which it is now proposed to direct the regulative function. Yet we see two Democratic members of the Committee on Commerce dissenting peremptorily from the decision of the majority, and denying the existence of any power in Congress to regulate railways.

The Constitution declares that "Congress shall have power to regulate commerce with foreign nations, among the several States, and with the Indian tribes." It should be noticed that there is no difference whatever in the compulsive efficacy of these three grants; each one is as comprehensive as each of the others. To whatever extent Congress may regulate commerce with foreign nations, it may regulate commerce among the several States; the one function bears no badge of inferiority to the other. No one now questions or limits the national authority over foreign commerce; that over inter-state commerce is equally broad, and if it has not been so fully exercised, this has resulted simply from motives of policy. Chief-Justice Marshall said, in *Gibbons v. Ogden*: "The subject to be regulated is commerce; and our Constitution being, as was aptly said at the bar, one of enumeration and not of definition, to ascertain the extent of the power it becomes necessary to settle the meaning of the word. Commerce undoubtedly is traffic; but it is something more; it is intercourse. It describes the commercial intercourse between nations and parts of nations in all its branches, and is regulated by prescribing rules for carrying on that intercourse." In a subsequent case the same great judge shows that commerce includes traffic as well as mere intercourse. In the celebrated "Passenger Cases" (1849) the Supreme Court formally decided that persons may be the objects of commerce, and that the transportation of persons is a branch of commercial intercourse which may be regulated by Congress. State laws interfering with the national regulations were pronounced void. These principles lie at the basis of all the legislation of Congress, and of all the judgments of the Supreme Court, and have become a part of the established constitutional law of the country.

Commerce, therefore, contains two elements, transportation and traffic; each of these may be regulated, if they are carried on with foreign nations, or between two or more States. We are so geographically situated that by far the greater part of our commercial intercourse with foreign countries is conducted upon the ocean; and thus it necessarily happens that most of the laws regulating that intercourse are made applicable to water transportation. For a considerable period of our history most of our inter-state commerce was also transacted upon navigable waters, partly upon the ocean, partly upon the great chain of lakes which skirt the northern frontier, and partly upon the vast rivers which divide and separate many of the States; and it happens that most of the regulations which affect this intercourse have

reference to navigation or to navigable waters. Congress has, by virtue of its general function, prescribed rules governing all this navigation as special and minute, and interfering as radically with State legislation, as any which can ever be demanded and enacted for the government of land transportation and traffic. In this class are found regulations for the ownership, transfer, and use of vessels sailing upon foreign voyages or from one State to another. Other statutes regulate the use and conduct of the vessels themselves, provide for the safety of crews and passengers by prescribing rules concerning boilers, engines, medicines, bulk, ventilation, number of the crew, the form and nature of their contract of hiring, their rights, powers, and duties. No one questions the validity of such laws as these. Not a steamer sails from New York to an adjacent port which is not under the control of United States statutes; not one plies on the great lakes, or on the Ohio or the Mississippi, which is not in like manner the object of national legislation. Many of these vessels are owned by corporations created under State authority, which are thus interfered with in the same manner as railway companies would be if the measure under discussion should be adopted. But Congress has gone much further in its work of regulation. It has invaded the common law of the States, and has relieved the owners of vessels from much of the liability as carriers of goods which that law casts upon them. The Supreme Court has sustained the statute which makes this change, and has declared that it applies to the great lakes and navigable rivers as well as to the ocean. Again, Congress has assumed to authorize the construction of certain bridges over great rivers which run between several States. The Supreme Court, in the case of *Pennsylvania v. Bridge Company*—18 Howard's Rep.—has directly sustained this exercise of power. In the very late case of *Gilman v. Philadelphia* it was conceded by the same tribunal that the national legislature may, by general or by special laws, provide for the erection of bridges over streams navigable from the ocean, whether lying entirely within a single State or not.

These examples of the existing system of regulation might be indefinitely multiplied. But enough has been said to show that the principles upon which the whole question of power turns have been settled; that commerce includes transit as well as traffic; that inter-state commerce is as much within the scope of the Congressional function as that which is foreign; and that the national legislature has, to a large extent, exercised its authority over the intercourse among the States carried on in the natural water channels of intercommunication. The whole discussion is, therefore, reduced to one narrow point. Unless intercourse by land, over the natural or artificial ways now in use, is not commerce, Congress has ample authority to prescribe rules governing the inter-state transportation of persons and merchandise by railways.

It hardly needs an argument to show that the methods and instruments of the intercourse—bridge or river, stage-coach or pack-mule or railroad—are not the essential facts; these change; new inventions banish the objects which were once familiar and to which the laws once applied, and the laws must be amended in order to adapt themselves to the altered circumstances. The Constitution concerns itself only with the fact that persons and merchandise are transported from foreign countries to our own, or from one State to another, and not with the particular methods which may be in use from time to time to effect this transit. The Supreme Court very properly said in *Gilman v. Philadelphia*: "It must not be forgotten that bridges, which are connecting parts of turnpikes, streets, and railroads, are means of commercial transportation as well as navigable rivers, and that the commerce which passes over a bridge may be much greater than would ever be transported on the water which it obstructs."

One consideration, however, is absolutely conclusive upon this point. If the power of Congress extends only to that inter-state transit which is carried on through the natural water channels, and does not also embrace that carried on through the means of railways and other artificial channels, then the same is true as to its power over foreign commerce. Those who deny the authority of Congress to regulate the railway traffic among the States must, of necessity, deny its power to regulate the railway or other land traffic with Canada or with Mexico. In fact, the opponents of the proposed measure are

driven to the position that the Constitution was only framed for the state of things, physical as well as political, which existed at the time of its adoption, and that it contains no quality of elasticity, no faculty of adaptation to the changes in the forms of conducting the activities of life, and to the progress in the material arts.

### TO THE INDIGNANT AUTHOR.

"ONE of the innumerable Browns and Joneses of ordinary journalism" has recently been saying a word in an entirely outspoken and candid manner to the innumerable Browns and Joneses whom ordinary journalism seriously offends when it undertakes the office of criticising their literary productions. What he says is so well said, and here in this country—where literature is, of course, in a state of crudity, and literary men do not very well know their true relation to the rest of the community—there is so much need of looking into the matter that we shall offer no excuse for repeating to our readers what he says. Let us premise that the real name of the writer who adopts for the nonce the humble patronymic of Brown or Jones is Bernard Cracroft, and that of English contemporary critics he is one of the most fearless and subtle—often much too subtle, be it confessed; too fearless, we suppose, a critic cannot be.

He begins by speaking of what he calls the professorial class, and charges upon it a certain jealous and contemptuous feeling for non-professorial critics. We, for our part, should have made no objection if he had given to this class—honestly enough and naturally enough jealous and contemptuous—a more comprehensive descriptive name. For example, one hardly thinks of the body of professors, giving that term the usual meaning, as a body of men engaged in, so to speak, creative literature. But the poet and novelist, equally with the men engaged in producing the literature of mere knowledge, are affected unpleasantly by criticism from outsiders, and are perhaps even more apt to resent such criticism as impertinence. However, it is as well to adhere to the narrower term; so far as the principles laid down are susceptible of general application the application of them may safely be trusted to the reader.

Well, then, the professors, says Mr. Cracroft boldly, have no right to ask that all criticism should be professorial. To begin with, professors would, as a general thing, write bad criticisms, and be very unreliable assistants to the editor. For, in the first place, they have their own work to do; the editor must wait their convenience, and if he waits he may have the mortification of seeing a good subject drift past him, or he may find the late-coming contribution altogether out of tune with his journal, and be obliged to print an article which sets all his literary teeth on edge. How often this latter misfortune happens is known only to the journalist at once ambitious and conscientious. For the professors are, except in rare instances—when, really, the professor is something more or other than a mere professor—unfitted for the task of appraisal and presentation. They are hampered by the partiality which comes of special knowledge. Then, very likely, they make a bad article by reason of a natural tendency to reserve their best writing for their own books; and we may add that the temptation to do this is greater than people would suppose who have never felt the stress of the severe competition which is now one of the necessary conditions of a literary life of any sort. Then, for another reason of professorial bad writing—bad from the editor's point of view—professors cannot compete on his own ground with the professional, trained journalist, who, in order to live, has been compelled to make a study of the science of fitness, proportion, and popularity. Journalism is a trade to be learned, and like every art and mystery has its secrets, which only a long apprenticeship can teach. To give an extreme example, if Mr. Bennett might have from Victor Hugo—on condition, let us say, that the writer's name should not be revealed—an off-hand description of the next hanging of a man in New Jersey, instead of having it from one of his own reporters, he probably would much disgust M. Hugo by the choice he would make. Very properly he would demand a man who should know the *Herald*, that is to say, a man who by long experience should be able to please the *Herald's* audience. To do journalistic work and live by it, a man has to learn the tact of the moment—a composite thing made up of the tact of the particular journal in which he is writing, and of course that includes the knowledge of the particular public which the journal addresses—and the tact of the subject with which he happens to be dealing. He must have "great clearness of judgment, great rapidity of perception, the instinct of truth, . . . and the faculty of exact appraisement," or, in other words, an appreciation of the value of the subject absolutely, and also relatively to the value of other things in which the public for which he writes is interested.

Let it be granted that hard labor for years at this sort of work gives to the laborer certain facilities and powers of mind not to be acquired in any other way, then is the person who has acquired these therefore fit to say anything to his particular audience in regard to a book of which he knows considerably less than the book's author? Why not, unless we are going to demand of one class of workers a perfection to which no other class pretends to attain, and to which no other class is required to attain? But "instead of viewing the journalist and reviewer as a cold and abstract instrument—more or less delicate, as the case may be—to be used by them for the purpose of testing the outer and exoteric effect of their inner and esoteric labor, they set him up in their mind as a personal enemy and unscrupulous detractor; and adding up all the points in which they differ from him (and he has a right to differ from them) to any mistake he may have fallen into, they debit him with an artificial but overwhelming balance of incompetence. . . . Instead of viewing his cool indifference and placid impersonality as a most valuable element in his criticism, they are outraged and filled with scorn because he does not officiate with humble alacrity and devotion at the head of a devout public in the capacity of high-priest-in-ordinary and incense-bearer-general to their inwardly begotten and fondly conceived literary godhead."

"At the head of a devout public." After all, it is in these words that we find one great reason why any but adulatory criticism is so bitterly resented. A devout public spends money on its idol. The artist very often has strong in him the feeling of the mere shopman. He does not stand beside his work, within earshot of the bystanders, thankful to catch any honest word which may fall from the spectator, that thereby he may perchance be helped in his task of expressing what is in him in such a way as that it may have most effect on the minds and souls of those to whom he speaks; too often—too often of necessity, let us say, of hard necessity—he listens as one who hates each depreciatory word as tending to spoil his market. However, in so far as the literary man is only a shopman we may best leave him unmentioned. But the not more respectable feeling, the childishness which, though he may be unaffected by pecuniary considerations, makes him angry when the average critic ventures to speak unreservedly about his productions, is common almost beyond relief. No one has ever filled an editor's place in an American newspaper office—probably no one has ever been an editor in any country—without being very frequently called to account for words spoken honestly and without ill-will about the productions of persons who (on any theory except the theory that they are either market-men or else more sensitive and egotistical than befits a thinking man) should be well content to let everybody speak his mind concerning that which—by the fact of publication—everybody is invited to consider and pass judgment upon. Usually the observations which are addressed to editors on such occasions are more threatening than expostulatory; generally they fix upon some personal enemy as being indubitably the objectionable writer; often they mention the extraneous reasons which have induced him to make the unpleasant remarks; but, on the whole, this appended portion of a depreciatory-minatory note—the latest of very many that we have seen—serves well enough as a specimen of thousands. We cut it from the last number of a well-known periodical:

"SIR: I have just seen the notice of my 'Early History of ———.' It is so unkind and unjust that I might well attribute it to some personal ill-will, but know of no cause for such a feeling on your part."

Still, that some personal hatred must be at the bottom of this offending criticism the writer of the note is evidently well persuaded, and he grows more and more savage through a column of matter, at which the recipient must have laughed. As we have said, it is usual among our writers to take this view of the motives which actuate the reviewer, and it would be easy indefinitely to multiply instances precisely like the one with which he furnishes us of undue sensitiveness to criticism leading to absurdly calumnious accusations.

Let it be said that it is the office of criticism to try every work by comparison with the best that is known on the subject of which the work treats. We need not, therefore, quarrel with criticism which seems to us bad, but which—*crede experto*—is ninety times utterly honest and impersonal out of every hundred times that it is accused of being basely and cruelly otherwise. And we must think of the welfare of the vehicle in which—for we do not live in an ideal world—our best that is human has to be conveyed to the public. So we must have the man who by special training has become capable of using the vehicle in question without smashing it and driving people to put up with a worse. Such a man may be professorial, or he may not; as we have seen, it is very likely that he will not be a man with exhaustive special knowledge of anything but journalism. Let it be that he is merely the average man, trained to feel the pulse of



his fellows, competent to tell whether they are being pleased and instructed or are being fooled and bored, and under bonds to hit the white with due regularity, because by his trade he lives, and too frequent failures mean loss of his wages. Still, in all this we have no respectable reason for resenting his condemnatory criticism; nor is there in it any reason for wholly despising it, though, true enough, there is in it reason good for setting upon it a less value—a less exaggerated value—than some people do set upon it—such people, however, be it said, being small buyers of literature rather than judges of it, and hardly to be regarded by the literary man who has any high motive to work. But because there is such a class, and it is so large, there is stronger reason for urging writers to possess their souls in peace under adverse criticism than for urging readers in general to abate their faith in the taster, who tells them how he likes the viands which are offered for general deglutition. It is easier to make writers careless and insolent and presuming than to make the easily fooled reader too severe in judgment. Nine times in ten, the despised and hated critic, confessedly *biased*, can better indicate to an author what will be his value with the next generation—generations are brief in the world of books—than the author's purchasers can. We are, of course, supposing a state of things in which criticism really exists, and have not in mind the notices that publishers buy of papers that are in no sense organs of criticism, which are not sold as such, nor bought as such, and whose word, therefore, has no value as an indication of the worth of books to this or any generation of readers.

## Correspondence.

### ILLINOIS STOCK STATISTICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

I have been looking in your own and other journals for some denial or restriction of your views on the "Financial Prospect," as stated in the *Nation* of June 25; but instead of any such thing, I find your correspondent J. M. S., July 9, declaring that "the very startling figures of your article" "are incontrovertible," while you yourself proceed in the same strain again July 16. I have not seen the "recent reports of the Agricultural Bureau at Washington," upon which your remarks are based, but I doubt not you are right according to that authority.

Believing, however, that the truth of the matter was otherwise, at least in Illinois, I have examined the reports of the Auditor of Public Accounts of this State so far as to ascertain the numbers of five leading classes of domestic animals, as returned to the auditor's office by the local assessors during fourteen years past. As the examination has raised my own spirits a little, I send you the results below, hoping they may contradict the "recent reports of the Agricultural Bureau," so far as this State is concerned, and so throw at least one gleam of light into the "prospect for the more distant future," which has seemed to you so gloomy:

	No. Horses.	No. Neat Cattle.	No. Mules and Asses.	No. Sheep.	No. Hogs.	Population.
1854	352,893	1,042,210	15,348	743,119	1,901,903	1,915,535
1855	355,622	1,175,939	19,528	811,827	1,639,597	1,906,576
1856	407,736	1,160,555	22,855	785,433	1,591,993	1,837,651
1857	497,531	1,351,219	23,622	760,602	1,898,835	1,468,786
1858	513,030	1,422,249	31,851	761,793	1,933,603	1,549,301
1859	532,247	1,337,585	32,609	647,337	1,735,233	1,650,576
1860	590,963	1,435,978	36,371	594,490	1,539,256	1,711,951
Average.	465,718	1,274,956	26,789	737,791	1,749,397	1,467,305
Ratio.	31.73	86.59	1.82	49.60	119.22	100.00
1861	625,242	1,428,962	39,278	731,379	2,196,581	1,797,862
1862	651,194	1,603,949	41,038	913,034	2,601,305	1,833,774
1863	652,500	1,684,802	40,075	1,306,635	2,506,138	1,969,686
1864	723,751	1,370,753	39,197	1,616,144	2,044,844	2,055,598
1865	793,259	1,568,230	43,053	2,165,973	1,743,905	2,141,510
1866						
1867	823,623	1,454,666	73,954	2,550,850	2,581,451	2,313,334
Average.	714,595	1,530,188	46,866	1,523,999	2,378,907	2,096,990
Ratio.	35.35	74.99	2.31	75.43	112.44	100.00

The returns for 1866 have not yet been compiled by the auditor. The population for 1855 and 1865 is given according to the State census of those years; for 1860 it is given according to the last United States census; and for the other years I have computed it.

In seven years, to every one hundred persons we have gained three and a half horses, half a mule, and twenty-six sheep, and have lost twelve cattle and seven hogs. I am willing, if you are, to set off the four of the horse kind against the twelve head of cattle, and the gain in sheep against the loss in hogs, and say that the people of Illinois have about the same wealth in domestic animals, in proportion to population, that they had seven years ago. But then I beg you to remember that a good many of us have been away from home on important business for long spaces of time during the last seven years, and on that account have not given as much attention to stock-raising as we hope to give in the seven years coming.

A comparison of the foregoing figures for 1860 with the figures of the United States census of the same year will show many and great discrepancies. Assessors are not wont to be accurate, and owners of property, when listing it for taxation, are apt to understate it. But we may assume that assessors exercise about the same care, and that owners give in their property with about the same honesty, or dishonesty, one year with another. Assuming this, whatever may be true of the country at large, the people of Illinois have not been "for several years past steadily decreasing in wealth," nor are we of this State "very much poorer in domestic animals than we were a few years ago."

It is true, we are liable for our just proportion of the national debt; but in the past seven years we have paid off an immense amount of private indebtedness, while the debt of the State is less than it was before the war. There is no way of ascertaining the precise amount of private liabilities which have been cancelled. I believe, however, that we in Illinois could personally assume our respective shares of the national debt; if it were apportioned either according to population or according to wealth, and still be in a better condition than we were in 1860. At the same time, as urged in the concluding lines of your last article on this subject, it will be better for us all to work than to brag. S. C.

PEORIA, ILL., July 21, 1868.

[Nothing can be more acceptable to us than the criticism of such earnest seekers after truth as our correspondent "S. C." His figures bear us out in the most striking manner. Comparing, as he does, the averages of the two periods of seven years each, he is yet bound to admit that the people of Illinois are *no richer* in domestic animals than they were seven years ago. But if any of our readers will compare the year 1867 with the average of the first seven years, he will find a gain only of 4 horses, 1½ mules, and 60 sheep against a loss of 25½ cows and 9 hogs. Or again, if we compare the year 1867 with the year 1860, we find a gain only of seven-tenths of a horse, nine-tenths of a mule, 76 sheep, and 21 hogs, against a loss of 20 neat cattle.

We are surprised beyond measure to find that Illinois cannot show a better record, for if we had been asked to single out one State that could show a large increase in wealth despite the war, we should have named Illinois. Her statements are all that is required to prove the correctness of our assertions. After her, what can we expect of Arkansas, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, and the whole of the South, proverbially stripped of every moving thing during years of war? If the most prosperous agricultural State in the Union, untouched by war, has barely held its own, and in the important item of meat has actually gone backward, what must be the condition of other States less favorably situated, which for years were the meeting-ground of opposing armies and were periodically swept with fire and sword?

If "S. C." has the figures handy, perhaps he can show us what the position of his State is in regard to other articles of food besides meat, comparing the stocks of breadstuffs at the two periods. The reference of our correspondent, however, to the private indebtedness paid off, displays, we think, a delusion which we must take some other opportunity to expose more at length.—ED. NATION.]

### THE "FOG" OF THE IMPEACHMENT QUESTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

In the *Nation* of July 9th you ask, "How was it that the great mass of the public in and out of Congress were so completely deceived, and remained so long under the deception, touching the effect of the Tenure-of-Office Act?" . . . "When the President removed Mr. Stanton, the impression became general—we shared it ourselves—that at last he was within the meshes of the law; but it now seems that the main body of the Senators knew all along that this removal had not caught him,

and that something else was necessary to bring him to grief." . . .  
 "How was it that the public remained in this fog so long?"

On the 21st of February the Senate adopted the following resolution, with but six dissenting votes, all "Democrats":

"Whereas, The Senate has received and considered a communication of the President, stating that he had removed Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, and had designated the Adjutant-General of the army to act as Secretary of War *ad interim*; therefore,

"Resolved, by the Senate of the United States, That under the Constitution and laws of the United States the President has no power to remove the Secretary of War and designate any other officer to perform the duties of that office *ad interim*."

Now, it seems to me that the only "fog" that surrounds this subject is generated by the effort to show that while Messrs. Fessenden and Trumbull could vote as senators that the President had, by the removal of Stanton, violated the "Constitution and laws," they could so soon thereafter vote as judges that he had violated neither. I think we all had good reason to believe in the truthfulness of the resolution of the 21st of February, and I repeat that I certainly think all the "fog" that surrounds the subject is generated by the attempt to show that the duty of a senator is changed the moment he is sworn to sit as a judge, which implies that he is not bound to do his whole duty, to act honestly in all cases, under his oath as senator.

J. J. J.

COLUMBUS, O., July 27.

[Without repeating all our former arguments on this question, we shall simply remind our correspondent that there was a wide difference of opinion—which the late trial did not settle—as to what constitutes an impeachable offence, within the meaning of the Constitution. According to the view honestly entertained by any senator would depend his consistency or inconsistency in voting for the resolution above quoted and against the charge of "high crime and misdemeanor." And let us observe that we plunge into a fog as soon as we substitute for the precise terms of the arraignment such vague expressions as "having violated the Constitution and laws." In the next place, we affirm, not for the first time, that there is a very considerable distinction between the legislative or senatorial and the judicial responsibility, and we are disposed to trust and honor the senator who feels this distinction, and avows that he feels it, over one who feels nothing of the sort. And finally, if our correspondent believes that all the elaborate arguments of counsel on both sides, in regard to the intent of an ambiguous statute, were not likely to change the opinions even of some who helped enact it, and that such a change is inexplicable unless dishonorable, we have only to say that he sets a lower value than we do on man's capacity for reason, and extends the reach of human depravity beyond even what theologians have claimed for it.—ED. NATION.]

## Notes.

### LITERARY.

ONE of the latest—and we suppose it will not be one of the worst—of the twenty or thirty lives of Grant that are, or are to be, in the market, is "Our Standard-Bearer," by Mr. W. T. Adams ("Oliver Optic"). It will be published by Lee & Shepard. There is talk among literary gossippers who write from Boston of a book to be issued by the same firm, written by Mr. William Everett, the author of "On the Cam," which is said to be "after the fashion of 'Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby.'"—Mr. J. S. C. Abbott is going to publish, through B. B. Russell, a "Life of Napoleon III."—Loring will publish Miss Kate Field's lively "Pen Photographs of Dickens," in a new and enlarged edition.—Ticknor & Fields begin to talk about their holiday books. They are to issue an edition of "Locksley Hall," for which Mr. W. J. Hennessy is to do the illustrations; an illustrated edition of Dr. J. W. Palmer's "Poetry of Compliment and Courtship;" an illustrated edition of Whittier's works, which have never in their complete form been published with pictures; "A Christmas Carol," with illustrations by Mr. S. Eytinge, Jr.; two volumes of extracts from Hawthorne's Journal; a volume of Mr. Edward Everett Hale's stories; a volume of Mr. Newman Hall's sermons; and Longfellow's complete poetical works, illustrated. Nothing is said about the new poem by Browning, which "he hopes to make," one correspondent says, "the longest poem in the language;" but the list above

given will be held to atone for this house's quiescence—broken only by "The Spanish Gypsy," we believe—during so many weeks. For that matter, there was hardly ever a time when "the trade" generally was doing less than at present.

—The *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, which is now rather more than a year old, is a periodical which, in more than one respect, resembles the celebrated "Dial" rather than anything which has appeared since. If it bears any such fruit as that did, it will certainly prove an enterprise of national importance. It owes its existence to the Philosophical Society of St. Louis; and that there should be such a society there is to be attributed largely to the German element in that atmosphere, but probably also to the personal qualities which were requisite to the establishment and, so far, successful conduct of this magazine.

It would seem to be the first design of the editor to engraft upon the American mind the conceptions of German philosophy. At any rate, the most prominent feature of the *Journal* is its translations from Leibnitz, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Schopenhauer, etc. These have been selected with great judgment, and are of permanent value. It has contained, besides, long expositions of Swedenborg, Cousin, and others. Herbert Spencer and Moleschott have been treated from an antagonistic standpoint. Indeed, if these accounts of various philosophers be excepted, the proportion of original matter has been but small. Of this, perhaps the most valuable have been some philosophical and technical criticisms of poetry, music, and painting. The metaphysics has been pretty much confined to an "Introduction to Philosophy" continued through all the numbers. This belongs to the Hegelian school and evinces much thought, but is so excessively brief (objections being but little noticed, and terms not being clearly defined), that it can hardly be of service to a beginner.

The magazine generally breathes Hegelianism. Here is a little example in an extract from an editorial: "There are three styles which correspond to the three grades of intellectual culture. The sensuous style uses simple, categorical sentences, and relates facts, while the reflective stage uses hypothetical ones, and marks relations between one fact and another; it introduces antithesis. The stage of reason uses the disjunctive sentence, and makes an assertion exhaustive, by comprehending in it a multitude of interdependencies and exclusions." The fact that the sensuous stage uses categorical, the stage of understanding hypotheticals, and that of Hegelian Reason disjunctive propositions, has doubtless been evolved from indeterminateness by a process of Hegelian dialectic. It is a striking illustration of the superior power of that method (or else of its worthlessness), inasmuch as an ordinary statistical enquiry would probably fall entirely to discover anything of the sort. Indeed, upon comparing (by mere enumeration) the relative proportion of disjunctive sentences in some paragraphs of Hegel, said by Mr. Harris (Vol. II., pp. 100-101) to belong to the stage of absolute mediation, with that in a statement of the philosophy of the conditioned by Sir W. Hamilton ("Lectures on Metaph.," p. 526 *et seq.*), who, as we learn upon the same authority (Vol. II., p. 59), belongs to the stage of reflection, we have found that they are more frequent in the latter.

If the St. Louis gentlemen seriously wish to naturalize the German philosophy in this country, they must be careful to translate German philosophical terms by words which English philosophers have not appropriated long ago to quite other purposes. The translation of "Anschauung" by *contemplation* instead of *intuition*, and of "Begriff" by *comprehension* instead of *concept*, betrays a contempt for English usage or a want of acquaintance with it.

But the *Journal* should not be condemned on account of such faults, and if all those "whom the speculative life delights" support it as it comes them to do, it cannot fail to grow better and to prove a useful stimulant to thought in America.

—San Francisco, and the Pacific coast generally, and, indeed, the whole Western country from Omaha to the Golden Gate, is to have a new magazine of its own. The *Overland Monthly* is the title of it. It is about the size of the *Atlantic*, and not unlike that magazine in general appearance inside and outside. It is rather better printed than the *Atlantic*, though not so well as *Lippincott's*, and altogether is very creditable to Messrs. A. Roman & Co., its publishers, and Bacon & Co., its printers. Its cover bears the neat device of a grizzly bear standing in anger, and obviously in imminent danger, across the track of the Pacific Railroad. The motto, "You Git," as they say to each other in California, is all he lacks. In fact he "expresses that sentiment" very well as he stands. As for the contents, they will be better by-and-by than now, in this time of the newcomer's infancy; but the first number gives proof of ability in editors and contributors, and the



magazine has a healthy look. California has for some reason produced an inordinate number of humorists. Humorists born abroad seem to find that air congenial, and to grow stronger there, as if their feet were on native heath. It was so with Artemus Ward and with John Phenix, who cannot be said to have been fully licensed as fun-makers till they had gazed on Frisco. We turned, then, on opening the magazine, to find some indication of this quality, and found an excellent specimen of it of a polished kind in the verses entitled "Returned" in the editor's table-talk. Throughout the magazine, from the first article to the end, pleasant humorous touches are frequent, and of an agreeable freshness. The serious verses are all fully up to the level of the older magazines, and one piece, "San Francisco—From the Sea," is very neatly done, and has several pretty and even better than pretty fancies. The prose is nearly all readable, and some of it valuable, as, for instance, the account of Portland-on-Willamett, the capital of Oregon. In another article the Hawaiian population are described in a way that does not give one a very good impression of those mild islanders, who, it seems, hardly repay, by their advance in goodness or greatness, the toils of the missionaries who labor amongst them. Besides these articles we have one on "Art Beginnings on the Pacific," a strange story of "The Diamond-Maker of Sacramento," a specimen of a Chinese novel, and half a dozen others—none sensational, but all looking like an attempt to make an honest magazine of a high class.

—The ever interesting question of human food, and how it may be varied and supplied abundantly, receives two illustrations in the August number of the *American Naturalist*. Mr. John L. Russell points out the edible qualities of mushrooms, and the small attention they receive from those most concerned to live cheaply and wholesomely. His paper would have been more valuable, it appears to us, if he had furnished some simple criterion for distinguishing the certainly poisonous from the harmless species. Mr. W. T. Brigham continues his notes on tropical fruits, treating in the present paper of the cocoa-nut and the date, neither of which do we eat at its best, and shall not with no better modes of transportation. Mr. W. V. Andrews describes the Japanese *Cynthia* (silk-worm) which has been introduced into this country, and is found to be very hardy, and to have a strange liking for the odorous allanther tree, so abundant and so detested in Brooklyn and this city. The writer refers to some disastrous experiments with the *Bombyx mori* in the valley of the Connecticut, about thirty years ago, still attested, at least in the neighborhood of Northampton, by the mulberry plantations that have survived the manufacture of the raw material. It is argued plausibly that with this new worm and the prolific allanther, the attempt should be renewed to raise cocoons, and make ourselves independent of foreign producers. The capitalists must decide. The strictly scientific article of the present number is that by Mr. George L. Vose, on "Traces of Ancient Glaciers in the White Mountains of New Hampshire," secondary to the continental glaciers. The region under discussion—from Bethel to Gorham—is one of the most charming in New England; and a tourist who should linger a little along the Androscoggin for the sake of discovering glacial scratches (as Mr. Vose directs), might do much worse for his own pleasure, not to speak of his possible contributions to an important enquiry.

—The republication of Vol. I. of Dr. Muir's "Original Sanskrit Texts," which we noticed some months since as in prospect, has recently been made (by Trübner, London, and J. Wiley, in this city). The subject of the volume is the origin of caste—a subject of no small interest, since caste is one of the most characteristic institutions of Brahmanic India, while yet the sacred books of the Brahmans, the Vedas, reach far back of its first development, and show only its inconspicuous germs. The author's method, here as in the other volumes of his series, is to quote all his sources in the original, and to translate them literally, adding his inferences and comments, and citing copiously the views of other writers. In all this work his ample scholarship, his unimpeachable fairness, and his caution and modesty are abundantly exhibited; and the series is well-nigh indispensable to those who desire authentic knowledge respecting Hindoo institutions without being able to command immediate access to Hindoo authorities, as well as highly valuable to those who enjoy such access. The present volume has been expanded from 200 to more than 500 pages. The next to be worked over, we understand, is the third, which discusses the origin, inspiration, and authority of the Vedas, as treated by themselves and by the later Hindoo literature.

—Mr. Hayward, in his recent article on "Macaulay and his School" in the *Quarterly*, went into the Junius question at considerable length, and quoted from Sir Philip Francis's letters, written at the time when the Junius

letters were appearing, to show that of some at least of the latter Francis could not have been the author—at any rate, almost certainly was not the author—because, when they appeared, he was days distant from London making pleasure tours. We do not know that this point was ever made before; we believe it is Mr. Hayward's own. But now the editor of *Lippincott's Magazine* announces that he has been permitted to examine certain letters—which he cannot publish until after their publication in England—which "fix the authorship on Francis by a piece of circumstantial evidence which will probably carry conviction to the public mind." What the letters are he does not say. They may be from Francis—who had in this country a relative with whom he corresponded, and who was very near coming here himself to restore his fortunes—or they may be the letters of some student of the Junius problem who had better luck than has attended the numerous other laborers in the same field. The "piece of circumstantial evidence" will have to be very strong to shake Mr. Hayward's case or to buttress the case made by Macaulay, Parkes, Taylor, Merivale, and the rest of the Franciscans.

—The tours above-mentioned of Francis and his friends seem to have struck Mr. Hayward unfavorably; but then he entertains more or less contempt for Francis. Francis himself says that on one of them "we travelled like gentlemen and lived like rakes," and in another speaks of "a riotous fortnight at Bath." However, nobody ever pretended that he lived on heights of purity and was other in his manners and morals than the average man of the world in which he lived. The accounts of his rioting are, however, of some importance as evidence going to show that he was travelling like a gentleman and living a rake at a distance from London when the theory of his being Junius requires that he should have been in Woodfall's vicinity doing hard work. Thus in July, 1771, he writes: "Godfrey Tillman, another gent, and I set out on a tour through Derbyshire and propose to reach Manchester;" which accordingly they did, the letters of Junius, meantime, appearing with due regularity. However, we shall doubtless hear from Mr. Hayward again, when the promised American evidence is produced. By the way, it may be remarked that the use of the slang term "gent" in one of the passages above cited seems to indicate another origin of it than that commonly given. It is usual to pronounce it a vulgar abbreviation devised by commercial travellers or shopmen. But it may very likely have been the invention of some young fellows like Francis, barristers and clerks in government offices, accustomed to the legal abbreviation, and, as in all ages since clerks were made, accustomed to "talk shop" in a slangy manner.

—M. Clement Duvernois has recently been doing in the *Epoque* some French generalizing on the subject of the respect which the English entertain for youth, as shown in their choice of young men for ministers of state. Two or three portfolios, he says, are always kept for the young men. Fox was a minister at 33, Pitt at 23, Lord Palmerston at 29, Sir Robert Peel at 29, Lord Derby at 31, Mr. Gladstone at 34, Lord Stanley at 32; and a great many more names might be cited. They would not, however, the *Daily News* remarks, prove M. Duvernois' theory correct; and that journal goes on to say that what the Frenchman considers homage to youth is in reality homage to good birth and good connections. Pitt was a minister at 23 to be sure, but Burke died close upon seventy without having ever been a cabinet minister at all. Pitt was the son of an earl, Burke of an Irish attorney. The Marquis of Hartington, the *News* assures M. Duvernois, was made a minister not on account of British reverence for his small age, but because he is the heir-apparent to a dukedom. This made him secretary of state in a cabinet under which, or its predecessor, veterans like Mr. Lowe, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Stansfeld had to put up with subordinate places. Furthermore, says the *News*, M. Duvernois might have pointed to instances like that of Palmerston, minister when verging on second childhood, and might have found the same reason for that as for Pitt's being premier while yet a boy—both men had the advantage of aristocratic birth and connections, an advantage which, under the old system, gave the country fifty legislative Lord Verisophs for one Canning. Evidently the *News* is not afraid of the new constituencies.

#### "CAMORS."\*

THIS latest novel of M. Octave Feuillet is already a year old, but we take occasion, from the recent appearance of an American translation of the work, to offer a few English comments. Let us say, to begin with, that the translation is perfectly bad; that it is equally pretentious, vulgar, and incorrect; and that we recommend no reader who has the smallest acquaintance with the French tongue to resort to it either for

\* "Camors: or, Life Under the New Empire. From the French of M. Octave Feuillet." New York: Blelock & Co. 1868.

entertainment or for edification. M. Octave Feuillet has been known in France for the past fifteen years as a superior writer of light works—tales, proverbs, and comedies. Those of his plays which have been acted are among the most successful of the modern French theatre, and on perusal, indeed, they exhibit a rare union of strength and elegance. A couple of years ago M. Feuillet was admitted—on the plea, we fancy, rather of his elegance than of his strength—to the French Academy. He has apparently wished to justify his election by the production of a masterpiece. In “M. de Camors” he has contributed another novel to the superior literature of his country.

One of the most interesting things about M. Feuillet's career, to our mind, is his steady improvement, or, rather, his growth, his progression. His early works treat almost wholly of fine ladies, and seem as if they were meant to be read by fine ladies—to be half-languidly perused in the depths of a satin arm-chair, between a Sèvres coffee-cup and the last number of *Le Follet*, with the corner of a velvet prayer-book peeping out beneath it. M. Feuillet has a natural delight in elegance—elegance even of the most artificial kind—and this “M. de Camors,” the ripest fruit of his genius, with all its nervous strength and energy, is one of the most highly elegant novels we have ever read. But whereas, in his first literary essays, elegance was ever the presiding spirit, she is now relegated to the second rank, and gazes serenely over the shoulders of force. M. Feuillet has gradually enlarged his foundations and introduced into his scheme of society a number of those natural factors which we find in real life to play as large a part as the artificial and conventional. Not that he has not retained, however, all his primitive arts and graces; only, they have lost their excessive perfume, and are reduced to comparative insignificance by being worn abroad in the open air of the world. The long play of “Rédemption” was much better than his short ones; “Dalila” was better still; and “Montjoie” and “M. de Camors” are best of all. Nevertheless, we confess that there is not one of M. Feuillet's comedies and proverbs—“scenes,” as he calls them—that we have not read with extreme delight and that we are not willing to read again. It must have been from the first an earnest of future power for the close observer that the author, in spite of the light and unsubstantial character of his materials and the superficial action of his mind, should yet be so excellent a master of dramatic form; but for this excellence—a thoroughly masculine quality—there might have been some truth in the charge that M. Feuillet was a feminine writer. But women assuredly have no turn for writing plays. A play is action, movement, decision; the female mind is contemplation, repose, suspense. In “M. de Camors” the author has simply redeemed the promise, liberally interpreted, of the strong dramatic instincts of “Le Village” and “Alix.”

In this work M. Feuillet has attempted to draw a picture of what he calls “one of the most brilliant Parisian lives of our time.” He has endeavored to pull off the veil of brilliancy, and to show us his hero in all the nakedness of his moral penury. He has wished to effect a contrast between that face of a man's destiny which he presents to the world and that far other face which meets the eyes of his own soul. He has contrived for this purpose a narrative so dramatic and interesting that we shall briefly repeat its main outline. M. de Camors is the only son of the Count de Camors, who on the threshold of old age finds himself utterly disenchanted with the world. Feeling that he has come to the end of all things, and that his soul is equally indifferent to pleasure and to profit, he indites a long, didactic letter to his son and blows out his brains. This letter—an extremely clever performance—is the profession of faith of an aristocratic cynic. It declares that there are no such things as virtue and vice, and that the sole rule of life is the pursuit of agreeable physical sensations and the maintenance of a perfect equanimity. To be absolutely and consistently selfish is to come as near as possible to being happy. Wealth is essential to comfort and women are useful for pleasure. Children are an unmitigated nuisance—which, by the way, is not very civil to the count presumptive. “To be loved by women,” writes the count, “to be feared by men, to be as impossible as a god before the tears of the former and the blood of the latter, to end your life in a tempest—this is the destiny which I have failed to grasp and which I bequeath to you.” To cast off all natural ties, instincts, affections, sympathies, as so many shackles on his liberty; to marry only for valid reasons of interest and on no account to have children or friends, to perfect his fencing, to keep his temper, never to cry, and to laugh a little—these are the final injunctions of M. de Camors to his son. They are in many ways cold and pedantic, but they are conceived and expressed with great ingenuity. The young Count de Camors receives his father's bequest as a sacred deposit, and the story relates his attempts to apply practically these select principles. While his father has been occu-

pled in drawing up his last will, he has been engaged in an act of supreme *rouerie* in the house of an intimate friend. So happy a start in the career of egotism is not to be thrown away, and M. de Camors says amen to the voice from beyond the grave. He forthwith prepares to enter political life, and, betaking himself with this view to a small estate in the country, presents himself as candidate for the Chamber of Deputies. In this region he meets two women—the heroines of the tale. The younger, his cousin, a poor girl in a servile position, and a great beauty, appeals to the reader's interest from the first by offering her hand in marriage to M. de Camors—an overture which he feels compelled to arrest. The young lady subsequently makes a splendid match with an old general of immense wealth. The second of M. de Camors's female friends is Mme. de Tècle, a young widow, a charming woman and an admirably-finished portrait. M. de Camors wins the love of Mme. de Tècle and returns it, but is unable, for good reasons, to obtain her hand, which he is not yet sufficient master of his emotions to abstain from soliciting. Mme. de Tècle, to whom virtue is comparatively easy, determines to stifle her passion, or at least to keep it smouldering, by means of a very odd and ingenious device. She offers to bring up her little daughter as the wife of M. de Camors, who in eight years' time, when the girl has arrived at maturity, will have reached the marrying age of a man of his society. This idea and the scene in which Mme. de Tècle unfolds it are, as we say, ingenious; delicate also, and almost poetical; but strike us as unreal, unnatural, and morbid. M. de Camors is by no means enchanted by his friend's proposition; he assents coldly and vaguely and takes his departure, thanking his stars, after all, that Mme. de Tècle had the wit to refuse him.

He becomes engaged in political life and lays the foundation of a large fortune by industrial manoeuvres. He works hard, keeps his terms with elegant dissipation, and cherishes the cold precepts of his father. After a lapse of three or four years he renews his relations with his beautiful cousin, now Mme. de Campvallar, but in so depraved (although so dramatic) a fashion that we need not enter into particulars. Mme. de Campvallar is by nature, and with a splendid feminine insolence and grace, just such an audacious and heartless soul as M. de Camors has well-nigh become by culture. The two unite their sympathies, their passions, and their lives. Finally, however, their intrigue is on the point of being discovered by the husband of Mme. de Campvallar—a naïf and honest old warrior, the soul of purity and honor, who esteems with an almost equal warmth his wife and his wife's lover—and an exposure is averted only by the tact and presence of mind of the impenitent marquise. Her husband is concealed and listening: Camors is expected. A motive for their meeting must be improvised within the minute, and a full intelligence of the situation flashed from her eyes into those of her lover. The latter arrives radiant. The pretext is ready. Mme. de Campvallar has sworn that she will not let M. de Camors depart until he has promised to marry—whom?—Mlle. de Tècle. In this way the prayers of Mme. de Tècle are fulfilled, and a third heroine is introduced—a third, and the most charming of all. The scene just indicated is in a dramatic sense, we may add, extremely effective; and if M. Feuillet ever converts his novel into a play (as it is the fashion to do in France), here is a situation made to his hand, strong enough, by itself, to ensure the success of the piece, and admirably fitted to exhibit good acting. M. de Camors, then, marries Mlle. de Tècle and loves Mme. de Campvallar. This is well enough for the latter lady; but the other (who has a passionate childish admiration of her rival) speedily discovers the facts of the matter, and signally fails to reconcile herself to them. M. de Campvallar, whose suspicions, once dispelled, have begun once more to congregate, eventually encounters the most damning confirmation of their truth, and expires under the hideous shock. Mme. de Camors and her mother, more and more alienated from the count, and infected with the most painful impressions touching his relations to the death of M. de Campvallar, no longer conceal their open horror of his character. M. de Camors, on his own side, weary of his mistress, writhing under the scorn of his wife, whose merits he has learned to appreciate, sick of the world and of his own life, dies, without remorse and without hope.

The reader may perceive nothing in this sad story, as we have told it, to justify us in deeming it worthy of repetition; but it is certain that, told by M. Feuillet with all the energy of his great talent, it makes a very interesting tale. The author, indeed, has aimed at making it something more—at writing a work with a high moral bearing. In this we think he has signally failed. To stir the reader's moral nature, and to write with truth and eloquence the moral history of superior men and women, demand more freedom and generosity of mind than M. Feuillet seems to us to possess. Like those of most of the best French romancers, his works wear, morally, to American eyes, a decidedly thin and superficial look.



Men and women, in our conception, are deeper, more substantial, more self-directing; they have, if not more virtue, at least more conscience; and when conscience comes into the game human history ceases to be a perfectly simple tale. M. Feuillet is not in the smallest degree a moralist, and, as a logical consequence, M. de Camors is a most unreal and unsubstantial character. He is at the best a well appointed fop—what the French call a *poseur*. The lesson of his life is that you cannot really prosper without principles, and that although the strict observance of “honor”—the only principle which M. de Camors recognizes—is a very fine thing in its way, there are sore straits in life from which the only issue is (M. Feuillet would say) through the portals of the Church; or, in other words, that our lives are in our own hands, and that religion is essential to happiness. This is, doubtless, very true; but somehow it is none the truer for M. Feuillet's story. To be happy, M. de Camors apparently needed only to strike a becoming attitude. When M. de Campvallar discovers him in the small hours of the night in his wife's apartment and marches on him furious, he remembers to fold his arms. Another man might have done it instinctively; but we may be sure that M. de Camors did it consciously. And so with Mme. de Campvallar. She is essentially cold, artificial, and mechanical. She is pedantically vicious. For these reasons and many others; from our inability to sympathize either with the delusions or the mortifications of his hero, M. Feuillet's book strikes us simply, as a novel, like any other. Its chief merit, we think, lies in the portraits of Mme. de Tèele and her daughter. Here, too, the author is superficial; but here, at least, he is charming. The virtues—the virtue, we may say, of these two ladies is above all things elegant, but it has a touch of the breadth and depth of nature. The work as a whole is cold and light; but it is neither vulgar nor trivial, and would amply repay perusal if only as a model of neat, compact, and elaborate dramatic writing.

#### HOW SHALL WE PAINT OUR HOUSES?\*

THIS little book contains much valuable information. Persons who live in the country, as farmers, and who have houses, barns, corn-cribs, ice-houses, and the like, built of frame, and covered with clapboards and shingles, as is the wont in nearly all parts of our country, will find it well to have this book at hand and to study it. All that the author says about the qualities of paints, the relative durability, covering power, and brilliancy of different pigments, the relative purity and usefulness of oils and varnishes, and the best ways of preparing different surfaces, is right in tendency and sound as advice. The chapter on tin roofs ought to be read and remembered by every city dweller, for those roofs have a worse name than they deserve, and various ugly, perishable, and expensive substitutes have been devised, solely on account of the insufficient or actually bad painting the tin roofs get in the first place, and the inadequate care that is taken of them. Flat roofs are not, architecturally speaking, desirable; few buildings can be good in effect with their roofs unseen, nor is there any protection against rain and snow so good as a steep pitch; but if flat roofs must be, let them be the best—“bad 's the best.” Charcoal-roofing-tin, well locked together and well soldered, and painted as Mr. Masury advises, makes the best flat roof yet discovered for ordinary purposes.

What the author says about black pigments is very well said; and it has been a much-needed hint that he gives to people in general not to trust the black paints of ordinary commerce. That imperishable pigment, lamp-black, ought to be got pure at any cost, by people who want their painting to be done according to sound principles of economy. For ship-painting it is not unusual, in New York, to use verdigris and lamp-black mixed, a paint that works very well and is quite satisfactorily durable. But for painting iron, both for ship-work and for the store-fronts and other iron constructions now so common, a newly invented metallic paint is used—or mayhap more than one—which seems to answer better under the peculiar circumstances than any of the natural pigments. Mr. Masury does not take notice of any of the inventions and patents which crowd the market, and he is generally right in disregarding what are generally great humbugs, and wasteful of money and patience.

It would have been well if some allusion had been made to the bad trick of blistering which boiled linseed oil teaches to certain colors—Paris green, for instance—when mixed with them, and if the uses of raw oil in this and other such cases had been pointed out. Moreover, the several hints which are given concerning the oils and dryers are scattered through the book, one here, one there, and are nowhere restated in a sequent and orderly manner.

\* “A Popular Treatise on the Art of House Painting, Plain and Decorative, showing the Nature, Composition, and Mode of Production of Paints and Painters' Colors, and their Proper and Harmonious Combination and Arrangement. By John W. Masury.” New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The chapters on harmony and discord of colors, and all that is said about decorative effect, might as well be omitted. It is useless, quite useless, to try to teach people which combinations are harmonious and which are not. “The harmonious combinations of three colors are: Blue and red and yellow, *if in proper proportion*.” That's the point. Proper proportion is to color-harmony just what position is in chess-playing—everything! The player does not care what pieces he may have, how weak he may be, or how strong his adversary, so he can choose the squares his few pieces are to stand upon. Take his queen away and welcome, so he can choose between K. 3d and K. B. 3d for his knight's post. So in painting. Mr. Masury says we must n't use much green, and it must be of a bright color (p. 182), and that purple and green make always “the worst kind of discord” (p. 179); but we can show to Mr. Masury Byzantine enamels that are more than half deep green, and are splendid in color, not to be matched by modern designers; and for purple and green—well, no two colors are good for much without a third; as Abt Vogler says of his organ notes—noises alone, three together are music; but purple and green and white, or purple and green and gold, will suit well enough any designer who knows how to design. This is not the place to go into the wide and, as we have said, most vexed and unenlightened question of color harmonies; our only point at present is that Mr. Masury's book was not the place either, and that it would be lighter in the hand without the pages so used. It must be added, though, that the views expressed in these chapters are generally sound, and it is quite unusual to find so much evidence of right artistic feeling in a treatise of this kind.

Beyond this we have only faults of detail to point out. The book is curiously unarranged. Chapters viii., ix., and x. are about white pigments, chapter xi. has to do with the theory of color, chapter xii. discourses about color blindness, and chapter xiii. returns to the practical question, and talks of black pigments. And when in a new edition this fault is in process of correction, let the proof-reading tend also to eliminate some rash statements, some meaningless sentences, and some blunders. An instance of the first sort of error we find on page 214, where we are told that reddish-brown is not good with green, and that such a ruddy hue is out of place in the landscape, when no landscape painter but knows that the most seemly houses in the land are the old Dutch farm-houses in Jersey, built of dark red stone, and the next best looking the wooden houses and barns painted red, and grown brown with weather stains and damp. Instances of the second class of mistakes are to be found where it is said (p. 134) that linseed oil does not congeal “till cooled from 4 deg. to 18 deg. below Fahrenheit;” and on page 36, where *light cool* colors are said to be good for tin roofs, when it is not cool color he means, that is, green or blue, but pale colors, non-absorbent of heat. The cool colors would work badly enough on tin, and wear not at all well. And for the actual blunders, the confounding of lazulite with lapis-lazuli, on page 90, will do as well as any to show what sort of errors we mean.

The book is good enough to be made better in a second edition, which we hope to see very soon.

#### THE MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST.

THE magazines for August are decidedly light reading, but there is none of them, we believe, that does not contain some things which it is worth while to look at. One of them—*Lippincott's*—has an article which it would be well if every man and woman in the country would read with careful attention. We speak of Mr. Amasa Walker's “Claims of the Bondholders.” The writer, who is an authority on this particular subject, begins by classifying the bondholders, and shows that the “bloated” bondholder is a rare variety of the species; that most of the men—four-fifths of them—who hold our public securities are people who either directly or indirectly paid its value in gold for every bond which they bought, and who are simply robbed if repaid in promises to pay. Secondly, he shows what the effect would be on credits in general if we were to act on the wild suggestion of certain politicians who wish for a new issue of greenbacks with which to cancel the national debt. The article is a valuable contribution to the popular literature of the subject, and ought to be widely circulated. Mr. Leonard Kip is the writer of a very pleasant piece entitled “Alas, Poor Ghost!” Mr. Kip once, for his sins, had charge of a young woman of seventeen who was coming East from California in order to finish her education. She was a natural born flirt of the most dangerous and fascinating description—one who was very sorry, but, having it in her blood, could not help it. By chance the pair had to wait at the Isthmus for the steamer, and, on invitation, stayed for a week at the country seat of a certain Don Miguel. There the young woman surreptitiously—for she was under promise to

behave as an invited guest should—got up a flirtation with Don Vasco Nunez de Balboa, who, it appears, haunts the residence in question, and unscrupulously she trifled with his feelings. The humor of the article is better than the romance of it, but as a whole it merits a good deal of praise. So does not Miss Brewster's "In a Month," which is in the style of the author of Charles Auchester, and which does not atone for its imitativeness by any valuable things of its own. "Smoking," by J. V. Darling, successfully answers in a scoffing vein Mr. Parton's recent article, "Does it Pay to Smoke?" It does pay some people, Mr. Darling thinks—that is, it probably does; he will not pronounce absolutely till science has something more definite to say than she has said yet. "Our Monthly Gossip" is always good gossip of the literary sort, and this month it is particularly interesting.

In the August *Atlantic* Mr. Parton has a companion piece to the one of which we have just made mention. "Will the Coming Man drink Wine?" is the question now propounded. The article has rather less of Mr. Parton's own personal feeling in it than the other, but has no scientific value. The Coming Man will pretty certainly not drink wine, we are assured. As for spirituous and malt liquors, they are not to be thought of in connection with the millenarian; them, at all events, he will not touch. It is an animated, readable article, and adds this much to what we already know in regard to the point in controversy—that Mr. Parton is persuaded that a man is better off if he abstains wholly from wine. That man, coming or come, is not all "physical," that you have said not very much about him and the universal craving of man for stimulants when you have told us some of the effects of strong drink on the body; that the doctors most decidedly disagree—these and similar little matters Mr. Parton does not get fully before his reader's mind. We do not see that the reviewer of "A Modern Lettre de Cachet" makes out a case against Mr. Davis, the writer of the article so named. In effect he says, what we all believe, that the present condition of the insane is very far better than their former condition, that the medical fraternity are honest men, and that it is very difficult to tell a truly insane person shamming sanity from a sane person. It is just at this last point that need is seen for the most careful legislative supervision to prevent errors and crimes that may, by possibility, be frightfully common. "St. Michael's Night" continues to be a very fresh and agreeable little story, with plenty of old-fashioned love in it, and plenty besides. "Out on the Reef" will be found excellent. Hardly anybody knows anything about the Florida keys, and it is a wonderful region. The writer has noticeable ability in word-painting of the genuine sort—for proof of which see his picture of the shark and of the return of the boat to the fort. The article is in the best style of the writing which military men on the frontiers are apt to do—that kind of literature which reads as if a well-educated young fellow, full of youth and good feeling, fond of adventure, had written home a more than ordinarily careful letter. "Lost and Found" is by Mrs. Prescott Spofford, and is agreeable reading; one would hardly know it to be hers if her name were not given. But then she has two manners, one of which—the least accustomed one, we are sorry to say—gives pleasure. "De Piscium Natura" is some very lively talk about fish-ways. Mr. Bayard Taylor goes to Ischia and comes away thinking that his oratory has not had a great effect in disposing the peasantry to be virtuous republicans. There is apparently an attempt on Mr. Taylor's part in these latest letters to strike a little higher than was his wont, and to emulate certain other travellers in the literary graces that come by cultivation—if previously they have not come by nature. "Cretan Days" is better. "Ideal Property," an article not sufficiently popular in style of handling, will yet give most people new ideas in regard to our Patent Office system. Mr. Shanly, in "Convivial Songs," says that we have all lost confidence in our intoxicating liquors, and that we therefore decline to sing bacchanalian staves. The custom of "perpendicular drinking" would be enough to destroy convivial songs in this country. It is necessary, however, to cover the case of other countries, and we take the truth of the matter to be this—that old one which accounts for so many things—we are too busy, all we western nations; we cannot afford to tarry nearly so long at the wine as our fathers did. The age has some boyishness in it somewhere, probably, but not enough, we suppose, to allow of its sitting in taverns as its predecessors did for want of something better to do. It reads the newspapers, and does an amount of work that would have astonished its festive fathers, and, even when it drinks, talks of what it does and what it reads rather than lifts up its voice in song. The only comic songs that can be called popular now are the outrageously absurd, those which express reaction against pressure rather than natural mirth. The poetry of this *Atlantic* is by Mr. Tuckerman and Mr. Lowell, the "Lines to C. S." not being by the latter, and "The Footpath" not being by the former.

"Saved by a Bullet" is, perhaps, as good as anything in this month's *Galaxy*. It is a war story by J. F. Fitts, who is, we believe, at the head of the writers who utilize their battle-field experiences in the lighter magazines. His "Saved by a Bullet" is effectively told. Doctor Hammond has a second article about the nerves, and seems to be making some excellent chapters of a popular physiology or physiological psychology. "Two Artists of Comedy" treats of Miss Maggie Mitchell and of Miss Mary Gannon, and seems to us very good in what it says about the first-named of these actresses, and to show real critical ability. The last part takes the form and has the value of mere eulogy. This bold deliverance of the author on the much misunderstood subject of tragedy is worth quoting:

"What is required is not tragedy; even Shakespeare cannot reconcile us to that, for acted tragedy is in itself a vast deformity. It is not a natural, pleasant thing to witness bloody death brought to our very feet, to see the expiring struggles, to listen to the last groans, of butchered humanity. The player's potent art is to show us the inward workings of the mind, to interpret for us the moral sense struggling from within, inciting to noble deeds and gracious lives. Tragedy pushes nature to the wall, and shows us nothing but her agonized contortions of the body," etc.

"A Journey through Mongolia," two pleasant articles; "The Galaxy Miscellany," two well-told love stories, one of which is only begun; some "Driftwood" and "Nebulae," and so on, make this number of the magazine good watering-place reading. The poetry is by H. H., and Mr. E. R. Sill.

"Clouds that are cool, for all their color,"

seems to be the one good line in the many of "A Tropical Morning at Sea."

*Putnam's* calls for little comment this month. The literary notices and the "Table-Talk" are not so "genial" as formerly. The critical remarks on Ristori, for instance, seem to us to state the truth about that lady's powers as an actor more nearly than anything else that has been published. Doctor J. W. Palmer's "Three Graces—a Madrigal" we took the pains to read three or four times, out of respect for the "Poetry of Compliment and Courtship;" but it was only a little more intelligible at last than it was at first, and will be found enigmatic, we should think, by most who run through it. "A Morning among Autographs" gives interesting letters by Raleigh, Charlotte de la Tremoille, her husband, the Earl of Derby of Charles the First's time, Pope, Temple, and other celebrities. The "Journal of a Poor Musician," of which we had hopes, turns out, we are ashamed and sorry to say, a love story of the most unblushing kind. The poor music teacher, from whom, we flattered ourselves, we were to get sound and even profound remarks on one and another of the old masters, devotes himself to burning up inwardly for the wealthy young pupil; sitting at the piano with a bitter heart, he plays the lady out of a bay window away from her lover, across the twilight parlor, to the music-stool; passionately he gazes at her; in a wild moment he avows his seething love, and will marry her as soon as she comes of age, the handsome young colonel who would have had her having been refused in favor of the man of genius and interpreter of the soul. "Our Civil Service" talks on the right side, but not very well. "The Romance of the Great Gaines Case" is timely and interesting; Miss Alice Cary's "Cradle Song" is good but for the refrain, and better by much than her "Worldly Wise," which we forgot in speaking of the *Atlantic*; "The Wedding at the Parker House" did not take place in School Street, but away down on the Caloosahatchie, and is amusing reading—which papers make up the body of *Putnam's* for August.

The *Catholic World* follows the example of its secular contemporaries, and devotes itself this month, with considerable success, to being light and entertaining. "Anecdotal Memoirs of the Emperor Nicholas" (translated) will be read with interest. The relator of the anecdotes was a French page in the emperor's service, and had good opportunities to learn his character. He seems to have lived in a wholesome fear of the despot, and not to have got thoroughly over it yet. "The Second Plenary Council of Baltimore" is, for its facts, worth reading; "Newman's Poems," we think, is not, though the writer seems to know well both his subject and the poet. Two men, better known by name than otherwise to the readers of magazines, are Count Segur and Count Ladislas Zamoyski, who each have an article appropriated to them. "A New Face on an Old Question" is well named, the author, who is a forcible writer, being better able, apparently, to put new faces on questions than to answer the questions themselves. So, too, are "The Catholic Church and the Bible," one of those controversial papers in which he who looks for simple candor and a perfectly honest statement of the case will look in vain. We are able and glad to commend to our readers "An Italian Girl of Our Day." It is a beautiful picture of a most pathetic death-bed.

A new story is begun in *Harper's*, "Parole d'Honneur," which reminds



one of "Inside: A Story of Secession." It is as true in its local coloring as that remarkable picture of Southern life, and is very well worth attention. The "Easy Chair" is at its easiest this month in its discoursing about Arcadia and the National Institute; the artists have been "Upon the Amoor" and with "John Bull in Abyssinia" and "Among the Andes of Peru and Bolivia"; the American tourist photographing England tells about the English press; another one photographs the French Corps Législatif; "How Fort McAllister was Taken" is for the insatiate patriotism of *Harper's* readers; "The Woman's Kingdom" is but one of several stories, and, altogether, we do not know why, if we read magazines, we would not rather have the August *Harper's* than any of the others.

*Hours at Home* begins, as usual lately, with something from the "Lambeth Casual"—"Music for the Million," of which we need say nothing, as everybody knows Mr. Greenwood's ready writing on vagabondism in all its branches. General John A. Bolles writes some good sense and some very good nonsense, which he calls "Extracts from the Proceedings of the Mutual Admiration Society." There is no particular fault to be found with Mr. G. M. Towle's account of Disraeli, which will be read with interest by persons who have little knowledge of Disraeli's career. Mr. Towle is mistaken in thinking his hero was ever a Jew in religion. "My Acquaintance with the King of Italy," translated from the German of Dr. Xaver Braun, offers a view of Victor Emanuel which is to us quite new—whether true or not could better be told if we knew more of Dr. Braun. The King has been very much belied, or Dr. Braun is very much mistaken in the estimate he gives of his patron's character. He makes him a good man, a lover of his wife, and a cool and wise monarch, instead of the *sabreur* he is commonly taken to be; yet what the doctor tells does not consort badly with things that d'Azeglio says. "Matthias Claudius" is a posthumous paper by Dr. Harbaugh, who naturally much admired the pious satirist. A fairly good review of "The Spanish Gypsy" closes the magazine, hardly a good enough review to merit special mention of it, were it not that we have previously spoken explicitly and unfavorably of the general run of reviews in *Hours at Home*. Besides the articles above mentioned, we may call attention to a carefully prepared paper by Colonel Vandenberg, entitled "The City of New York Ten Years Hence."

*Geschichte der Amerikanischen Urreligionen.* (History of the Primitive Religions of America.) Von Prof. J. G. Müller. Zweite unveränderte Auflage. (Basel: 1867. New York: L. W. Schmidt.)—This work was first published in 1855, and the present assurance of its title-page that it is a "second *unaltered* edition" is calculated to excite suspicion in the scholar; for, in the meantime, many later writings, based, too, for the most part on personal observation, have thoroughly exposed a host of errors blindly copied by Müller after irresponsible authorities, together with much in which no dependence can be placed. A second "revised and improved edition" that should bring light and uniformity to the orthographical chaos prevailing in the first, avoid such blunders as, for example, confounding the Vaoudoux religion of the Haytian negro with the worship of Votan in Chiapa, and, finally, adopt the results of the latest investigations, would certainly have been more desirable. A careful comparison of the two editions reveals the fact that the difference between them consists in this, that the unsold copies of 1855 were provided with a new title-page and new covers, and docked a little above and below, for a fresh introduction to the market.

Of course this procedure has no necessary relation to the value or worthlessness of the book, and Prof. Müller may safely lay claim to the honor of having furnished for his time the completest and most orderly presentation of his subject, and, indeed, all that was possible. Especially praiseworthy is his triumph over the manifold obstacles which he encountered in gathering original information in Europe. The chief work which America possessed at that time was a few volumes of the "History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States," of which the editing had been entrusted by Government to Mr. Schoolcraft—the most unfortunate selection for such a purpose that could have been made—who, guided by his prejudices, fell from one preposterous opinion into another, particularly in matters of religion. In his solid work of 707 pages, Müller first treats of the "Savages"—that is to say, the Northern Redskins, the inhabitants of the Greater Antilles, the Caribs, and the inhabitants of eastern South America—and next of the "Civilized Peoples," including the Peruvians, the Muyscas, and the Mexican tribes. The principal theses which he seeks to maintain are: 1st, that the Indians did not derive their religions from the Old World; 2d, that the origin of religion is to be sought in the human spirit; 3d, that the differences of the American primitive religions were due to the varied relations of the American tribes

to nature—in which connection it is remarked (pp. 89-90) that in the South nature-worship, with the sun at its head, in the North veneration of spirits, with fetichism, prevailed.

*In the School-room. Chapters in the Philosophy of Education.* By John S. Hart, LL.D., Principal of the New Jersey State Normal School. (Philadelphia: Eldredge & Brother. 1868.)—Three chapters of this book—the second, the fourth, and the twenty-fifth—contain some practical hints on the "art of questioning," "modes of hearing recitations," and "practice teaching," which may be of service to teachers. The other chapters, with the exception of the twenty-sixth, which contains some extremely amusing examples of inattention and misapprehension of the meanings of words on the part of some of Mr. Hart's pupils, are, we suppose, strictly devoted to the "philosophy of education." Things are so much at cross-purposes in this world that the professional teacher, who ought to be one of the most philosophical of men, is very often one of the least so—which is a conclusion we arrived at long before this book was published, and which we are sorry to find strengthened by our reading of it. It is commonplace in thought, and tedious and verbose in style, and betrays a habit of mind which is, we fear, too apt to be induced in persons who spend the whole or a considerable portion of their lives in a school-room with young people, but which needs to be vigorously eschewed—not sanctioned either by precept or example. Outside of the school-room, the teacher who wishes to affect his fellow-creatures not unpleasantly should guard against the wish to make himself intelligible to the meanest capacities, against a trick of reiteration which tells better on infants than on grown people, and against a too-confident self-assertion. All these tendencies war, in this book, against the success of a "philosophy of education" which, at its best, was perhaps not too philosophical.

*Marietta: A Novel.* By T. A. Trollope, author of "Gemma," "A Tuscan Romeo and Juliet," etc. (Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers 1868.)—*Marietta* is a story of Italian life, the scene of which is laid in Florence. It contains some much elaborated and probably correct descriptions of scenery and manners in that region, and except the fact of its existence, it has no positively bad thing about it. Mr. Trollope has good eyes and a ready pen, and understands well enough the business of novel-making. We do not, however, call him a good observer, nor a good writer, nor a good novelist, for the reason that it appears to us that to observe means more and other than to see—that to write well something more is necessary than a grammatical acquaintance with one's vernacular speech—and that to tell a story acceptably requires discrimination, tact, and subtlety, none of which qualities Mr. Trollope possesses in any such marked degree that he inclines his reader to believe that a spiritual necessity forced him into the profession of literature. This story bears a strong resemblance in many particulars to its forerunner, "Gemma," which was published by the Petersons last winter. We have again a hero who is tacitly engaged to one young woman while he loves and finally marries another. The incident of an attempt at slow poisoning also occurs, and Mr. Trollope displays anew that hearty aversion to popery and priestcraft which forms so marked a feature of the truly British mind. In "Gemma" a renegade priest attempts an act of violence upon a fair penitent at the confessional; in *Marietta* a priest tries to poison another ecclesiastic in order to gain possession of money which will enable him to prosecute his design of becoming a cardinal—in time, perhaps, a pope. "*Marietta*" is a novel, but, really, to people in search of light reading for the hot weather we should recommend almost anything—Rollin's Ancient History—in preference.

*Familiar Quotations; being an attempt to trace to their source Passages and Phrases in Common Use.* By John Bartlett. Fifth edition. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.)—This work, itself become almost a household word, was born of thorough and conscientious painstaking, joined of course to good scholarship, and was at first perhaps as complete and accurate as any one man could have made it. A not uncommon fate for it would have been to be stereotyped and sold as long as there was a demand for it, the fact that it was the only book of the kind (at least in point of fulness) ensuring a pretty continuous demand, and the labor necessary to make a better discouraging competition. We consider it very honorable to the author, as well as creditable to our literature, that he did not thus abandon the public, for the sake of ease or profit, but has persistently sought to improve his collection by fresh researches, in which he has obtained the aid of many scholars, until now in a fifth edition, wholly new, and of unrivalled typographical beauty, he may be said to have fairly acquitted himself of further exertion. Comparing this with the fourth

edition, we find it greatly enlarged and carefully revised, and to a considerable extent rearranged. In one or two instances the saying hitherto ascribed to one author is transferred on better authority to another, but we have not discovered any quotations omitted that have been already stamped familiar. Among the accessions are Chaucer, Fielding, and Whittier, and, what is perhaps most surprising, Dickens. "A Pickwickian sense," for instance, was as sure of immortality in 1866 as it is now. Perhaps, too, we should have expected Mr. Micawber's "waiting for something to turn up" to turn up with the other popular phrases with which Dickens has supplied us. But we imagine that he must be exactly an author to test Mr. Bartlett's judgment severely. Though his works are among those of which people pride themselves on having read every one, we know that there are persons who can see no fun in Pickwick, and that Dickens has a slang currency which must needs be as transitory as all slang; and after all it is the characters far more than their speeches which are familiar. Nor can every one expect to find his pet phrase in a collection like this. If he could, we should have a score of quotations from Mr. Lowell's "Biglow Papers," whereas not one is given.

In the face of experience, *a priori* assumptions of deficiency are of little worth. The five thousand people who have bought, and the hundred thousand, more or less, who have consulted Mr. Bartlett's store, have, we venture to say, been gratified and enlightened as they wanted to be ninety-nine times to one where they have been disappointed, much more deceived. And if the authors themselves could in all cases be heard, what blessings would they not invoke on the compiler who has determined *sum cuique!*

*Celebrated Sanctuaries of the Madonna.* By Rev. J. Spencer Northcote, D.D., President of St. Mary's College, Oscott. (London: Longmans. New York: L. Kehoe.)—This book contains a series of essays incorporating the legends connected with different places in Europe where the Virgin Mary receives especial reverence on account of miracles attributed to her. Some of the stories are pretty well known, as the greater part of the story of our Lady of La Salette; others are matter that is always flying about the world of discussion, like the account of the winking-pictures at Rome; others still are new to us. The tendency of some is to show the Madonna as a mediator between her Son and his rebellious people—see the "Lady of La Salette," p. 180, where the apparition, supposed to be the Mother of God in person, says to the two children to whom she appears, brilliant as the sun: "If my people will not submit themselves, I must let the hand of my Son fall upon them; it is so strong, so heavy, that I can keep it up no longer. If I wish my Son not to abandon you, I am obliged to pray to Him without ceasing, and yet you pay no regard to all this. Whatever you may do, you can never recompense all the trouble that I have taken in your behalf." She then goes on to say that if the potatoes are spoiled and the harvest about to fail, it is because the people swear and do not keep Sunday holy, and repeats that her Son will have his way and punish them in spite of her prayer if they do not repent. The result of this apparition is that all that part of France is agitated, and the controversy rages hotly as to whether the children spoke the truth or not. Further result is to be found in the tears and prayers and vows of the innocent and faithful peasantry, who, it seems, were hardly as bad, taken all together, as the apparition represented when such abundance of conversions did inconspicuously reward her.

Other legends are without point, except as marvels—

"Bout churches like balloons conveyed,  
With aeronautic martyrs,  
And wells made warm where holy maid  
Had only dipped her garters."

Such are the story of the "Holy House of Loretto," the veritable cottage, that is to say, which the Virgin inhabited in Nazareth, and in which Gabriel saluted her as the mother of Christ, which cottage the author proves to have been preserved in Nazareth twelve hundred years, to have been conveyed miraculously to Fiume, in Dalmatia, in 1291, and to have been removed thence to Loretto, in Italy, in 1294, where it yet remains. The most completely meaningless of all the legends are those which describe the winking of the pictures of the Madonna.

The gross materialism of many of these tales, their appeals to childish or rustic wonder, and the barbarous way in which a strange story which cannot be disproved is accepted as an instructive and comforting truth, are sad and sickening. But it is not in this way alone that God and his councils are degraded. Listen to the priest at Loretto, who, when the Dalmatians came weeping to the church, praying Mary to return to Fiume, "was obliged to exert his authority to restore order and enforce silence, for their prayers were so earnest that he could not but fear that God would listen to their request!"

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.	Publishers.—Price
Bauman (H.), A Treatise on the Metallurgy of Iron	(Virtue & Yoreston) \$3 50
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Holy Bible, illustrated by Doré, Part 20	(Robert Turner) 0 40
La Fontaine's Fables, illustrated by Doré, Part 14	(Robert Turner)
Lawman (C.), Dictionary of the U. S. Congress, Fifth ed.	(T. Belknap & H. E. Goodwin)
Moos (H. M.), Hannah; or, A Glimpse of Paradise, a Tale	(H. M. Moos)
Nordhoff (C.), Cape Cod and All Along Shore, Stories	(Harper & Bros.)
Pictorial History of the Rebellion, Parts 33, 34, and last	(Harper & Bros.)
Plympton (G. W.), A System of Instruction in the Practical Use of the Blowpipe	(D. Van Nostrand) 2 00
Smith (Dr. Wm.), The New Testament History	(Harper & Bros.)

## Fine Arts.

## THE FINE ARTS OF JAPAN.

## IV.

A WRITER in an English weekly, describing some of the Oksai designs, speaks of one picture which represents "a man pelting, with what might seem sugar-plums, an uncouth devil crouching and lamenting; he gives himself up to his fate, but feels it acutely. This fantastic figure appears to us the very idea of a Caliban; no European imagination, as far as we know, has approached so closely to that Shakespearian type. In another design a nearly similar Calibanic devil is bound to a tree."

These two pictures occur in one of the most encyclopædic and miscellaneous in subject-matter of the Oksai series. The first-named design is the opening one, and fills the first page. The particular race of demons of which he is one, figures largely in Japanese pictorial art; they are like stalwart men, with savage and animal faces, and sometimes with short, straight horns—not at all like the curved horns of the god of agriculture; for the rest, they are excessively over-muscular, knotted all over with great bundles of thews; not so very much coarser and uglier than the Hercules Farnese, but, equally with him, caricatures of manly strength. Their other peculiarities are long nails like claws on hands and feet, and a thin growth of long, bristly hairs over the whole body. The artistic conception of the creature is perfect, the characteristics are as accurately marked as in careful studies from life. These and other man-like monsters compare favorably with any similar creations of European art; indeed, the only type which is so complete and so seemingly possible is the classical imagination of satyrs and fauns. And it is as the equivalent in Japanese mythology of that type that this anthropomorphic Sylvan appears; generally he is harmless, and in one large picture we find two of the race carrying fish and other burdens, as if they had earned or killed and were taking home their dinners. But the idea of harmfulness is connected with them, it is evident, for the heroes are often engaged in destroying them. In one case a stern warrior has overcome one of them; the demon is sprawling upon his face, the hero stands upon him, threatening him with a formidable halberd held at his head; the whole design reminds one of the St. Michael of the Louvre. In another case a hero has swept off the head of a gigantic fiend—fiery red he is, with longer horns; in still another, with a direct downward blow of his keen sword the warrior has cut off the left arm of the monster, who has caught the amputated limb in his right hand, and is grinning savagely at his enemy. And again, four or five armed men have attacked a gigantic being of slightly different race, and are cutting at him with their swords.

But, as the great god Pan was in form only another satyr, so there are some of these strange creatures who seem to have rank among the higher divinities. The Oksai print of the thunder-demon spoken of in our last shows one of these; in the ancient drawing the type is different, and on the page opposite to this is another who is probably a wind-god; he carries behind him on both shoulders an immense burden, as of something tied up in a sheet, and from each end of this where it is gathered up in his hand there issues what seems a blast of wind. He may very well be a Boreas or Eurus. In this cut is to be noticed the free flight of the creature, who is wingless, and as mere a satyr, so to speak, as the other, but who seems perfectly at home in the air, while losing nothing of the gross look, as of a lower nature, of the tribe he belongs to.

The power, whatever it ought to be called, whether imagination or creative fancy, which conjures up such non-existent and yet credible seeming beings, as if inhabitants of another planet, like this in its physical conditions, is a rare gift. Simple ugliness and repulsive monstrosity of detail is nothing; the ridiculous fiends of Moritz Retzsch's illustrations to "Faust" are ugly enough, and Gustave Doré's nightmare fancies are sickening enough, to be impressive, if such qualities could make them so; but they remain trifling and feeble. The best designer of fairies and brownies and



visions of the night is perhaps George Cruikshank, who has done many such things better than anybody else; but he has never drawn demons *au sérieux*, as if he believed in them. The devil in human shape he has managed well, as in the "Tales of Other Days" and in "Peter Schlemihl," but otherwise he represents the arch-enemy and his followers, as in the "Ingoldeby Legends," in the most conventional way, like the heading of a penny ballad, with horns, hoofs, and tails complete, neither terrible nor funny. William Blake's fiends in the Dante illustrations are not in his best manner, except in respect to the admirable treatment of the malicious and brutal faces; their furniture of wings and claws is not impressive. His Satan in the Job is a great thought, but—and this remark will apply to most of the better class of modern designing—Milton's Satan sat for the portrait, which is therefore angelic and sublime in evil. As regards the Christian painters and carvers before the fifteenth century, they cared only to display the complete triumph of Christ and of his saints, and to make the evil beings contemptible and ridiculous, as Vice and Satan are the clowns of the monkish drama. The exceptions—as the grand, swift, inevitable Death in the Orcagna fresco at Pisa, and Tintoretto's Evil Angel of the Temptation at Venice—are not numerous enough to change the general law. Such genius as those men's is always *hors de règle*, the fact in this case being that their genius remained outside of the rule, and did not make new rules for a new race of beings, as the Greeks did for their satyrs, and as the Japs have done, we think, for their "Calibans." The Northern designers were generally contented with ugly conglomeration of parts, swine's snout and goat's horns, and seem to have desired nothing less than dignity and terror. Even Albert Dürer's "Sin," in the engraving of the Knight and Death, is merely an ugly abortion made up of incongruous parts; which is what Dürer meant him to be, as something more than a hint that he considered sin itself as a thing of just the same sort.

The Japanese designer, not a Christian that he should show evil overcome finally and for ever by good, has thought to make the strong and brave man sufficient unto himself in all his contests with inferior powers of evil; and to him, as to the Greek, evil has seemed in its essence inferior to good. In all the designs we find no trace of men tormented or oppressed by superior force. The comic pictures show dreadfully frightened men flying from apparitions; but the warriors are never discomfited; they who fight, it seems, can win.

One wholly inexplicable being is in outward show an ape—not a monkey-like man, but a perfect ape, long-armed and hairy, and of human stature. The strange thing about him is the magical power he seems to have of breathing a vapor from his mouth, or throwing a dust from his hands, which takes the form of little men, armed with staves. In one picture he is discomfiting a Chinese-looking, chimerical monster of no particular shape; the little breath-born pigmies assail the hobgoblin, who flies in dismay.

The nearest approach to the triumph of evil over men that we have found in Japanese art is in the case of some carvings in ivory. A siren is figured with her victims around her. Two skeletons, one playing on a guitar, the other gesticulating with bony arms, kneel or crouch among skulls, as if upon the bed of the ocean; and from the eye of one of the skulls the succuba in question has emerged. She holds a fan, and her hair streams down her back; she stands between the skeletons, and seems desirous to fascinate other victims. Another group, also carved in ivory, has some to us entirely incomprehensible accessories, and in this the siren and one of the skeletons hold jars, covered jars, as if of wine or some luxury. In both of these groups the female seems at first to be fish-tailed, as if a mermaid; but the tapering form is only drapery, which is being drawn slowly through the eye of the skull, and the whole expresses nothing so much as spiritual, disembodied, or bodiless form. The same idea is conveyed in the same way in the picture representing ghosts; they arise from grave-mounds, when some friend of the departed comes to sit beside the tomb, and hover over him, or, as sometimes is the case, they try to inspire terror; and in all the pictures representing them they are fully formed at head and shoulders, and taper off or fade away, flowing hair and garments together, into nothingness.

Here and there is a hint of Christianity, or at least of such Roman Catholic externals of Christianity as a Japanese of the eighteenth century might remember to have heard of in his youth. Two instances occur in which the sudden apparition of a nun-like figure with an aureole has startled a man, in the one case, into headlong flight, and in another case into violent aggressive action. But in general it is remarkable how seldom anything appears to remind us that Christianity had at one time gained a footing upon the Japanese islands, a position recognized and apparently well established.

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